

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NW AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND

20th Year, No. 30.

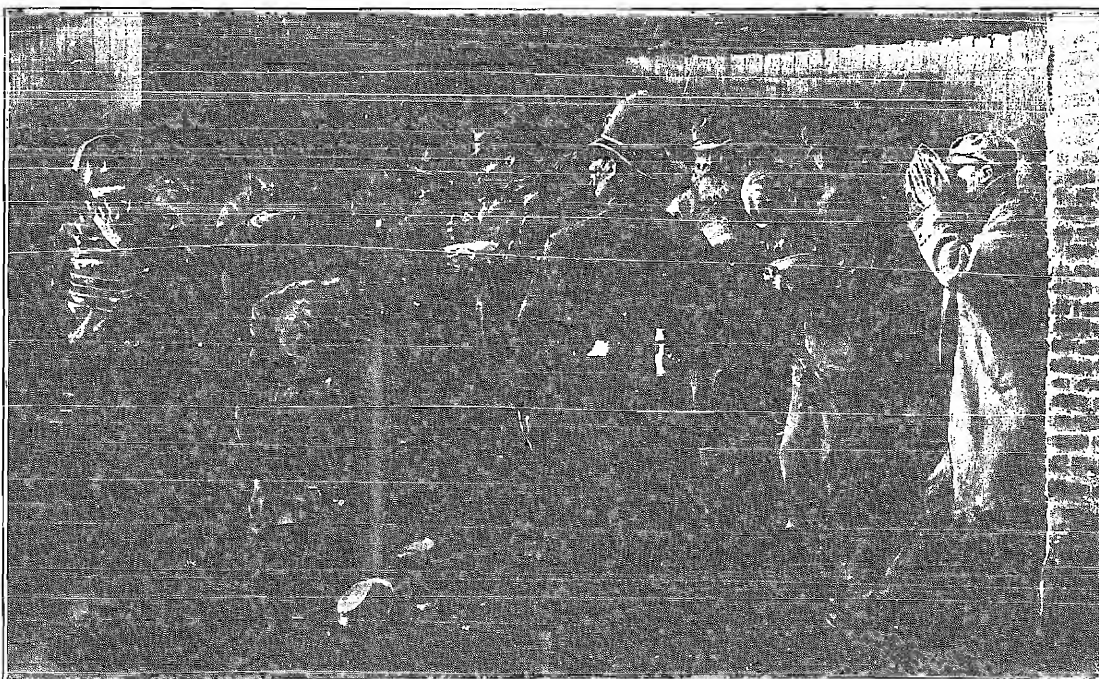
WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1904.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

A Scene at a Salvation Army Shelter at Two in the Morning.



A remarkable sight is to be seen in the Salvation Army Shelter in Stanhope Street, off Drury Lane, between two and four o'clock in the morning, when soup and bread are distributed among destitute wayfarers. The people wait in a "queue" in the most orderly way. To each in turn is given a bowl of soup and a hunch of bread. The poor people take a spoon from a basket lying on the pavement, and a pinch of salt from a bowl. The men eat their food in a side street, while the women are allowed to eat inside the building. As the Times said, "the pauperizing tendency of a bowl of soup and a hunch of bread between two and four in the morning cannot be very strong." The Salvation Army cares for 6,000 people nightly, and assists 10,000 daily. The site of the Shelter near the splendidly-named Kingsway is very striking.—The Sphere.

THE industrial crisis in England has been severe, being made harder this winter by the criminal speculations in cotton, which prevented cotton mills from obtaining for a long period the necessary raw material, and causing wide-spread suffering among the laboring classes. Then the winter has been long and severe.

While there always exists a class of people who won't work, but manage to impose upon charitably-inclined people and relief efforts, yet there is no questioning the fact that many

a man who would have gladly worked to earn his bread, has been compelled to seek the assistance of charities.

We have from time to time given statistics of the tens of thousands of workless who drift into our shelters, and seek our free lunches, but the excellent sketch reproduced from The Sphere gives a more vivid idea of the reality of the existing poverty.

In this country we have had prosperity for some years now, and it is scarcely conceivable

that want should exist in the case of any man able to work; yet the stringent winter has told in some localities heavily upon the scant resources, and there has been more or less need of relief, but nothing to compare with the abject state of the poor in the Old Land.

Thousands are coming to this country, and we rejoice that there is land and work enough to give willing hands all the employment required, as well as hold out golden chances of land and house of their own to those who toil for it.

A CONTROVERSY WITH GOD.

(With apologies to Dr. McD.)

I said, "Let me work in the church." God said, "Beat the Army drum." I said, "We've a bell in the church." He said, "The poor will not come."

I said, "But the rowdies are rough, and make such a noisy din." God said, "I gave My Son for such—go, bring the worst of them in."

I said, "I'm a child of the church, and surely 'tis wrong to roam." God said, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have a home."

I said, "I must think of all this; would the Lord not let me wait?" God said, "The time is short, and the harvest already is late."

I said, "I don't feel I can march where the Salvation Army goes." God said, "My Son pleased not Himself, and He wore some scarlet clothes."

I said, "I will stay in the church." God said, "I will stay My hand." And He said, "To obey is best." Then I said, "I understand."

But the call that has come to me has not come to everyone; I said my say, and God said His—so the controversy's done.

Adj. Phillips, Jamaica.

WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Under "Occasional Notes" we read in the British Cry:

The "White Slave Traffic" is vastly greater than is generally believed. The voluntary agents of a society watching the ports and stations of arrival from the continent, have during eight months dealt with 2,500 girls—1,750 of them foreigners—who were in danger, through being brought to this country under suspicious circumstances, and for immoral purposes. It is hard to say how many girls were actually brought into the country, but some idea of the extent of this pitiful traffic may be gathered from the fact that last year our Midnight Rescue Officers, working Piccadilly, King's Cross, Aldershot, and Uxbridge, had 5,314 interviews with fallen girls, and that during the same period nearly 3,000 girls passed through our Rescue Homes.

PUB. BOOMING IN GLASGOW.

Our comrades at Kinning Park, Glasgow, Scotland, make a specialty of pub booming. They have done a great deal of good in this direction. Some days ago one of the sisters entered a public-house and asked for the head barman, whom she regarded as one of her War Cry customers.

Judge the Salvationist's surprise when the publican told her that, as a result of reading the War Cry, the barman had been induced to leave the liquor business and take up other employment, where he could serve God. Such a testimony on the part of the publican was a great encouragement to this Glasgow War Cry seller, and should act as a stimulus to our other boomers up and down the country.

DR. CUYLER ON PREACHING.

Don't be afraid of the word "hell" any more than the word "heaven." The too common assertion that the faithful, tender, and solemn presentation of the divinely-revealed retribution of sin is an attempt to scare people into religion is utterly preposterous. As the ambassadors of Jesus Christ it is our bounden duty to declare the whole counsel of God, and we have no right to conceal or belittle any great revealed truth.

If Noah had not been moved by fear of a predicted deluge, he never would have prepared an ark for saving himself and his household. It is a criminal cruelty to conceal from

the transgressor of God's law, and of God's love, that the wages of sin is death.

There is much truth in Mr. Gladstone's weighty declaration that the decay of the sense of sin against God is one of the most serious portents of these days. Preach, therefore, my brethren, most plainly and lovingly the guilt and the doom of sin, and pray that every impenitent soul before you may be convicted by the Holy Spirit.

Nobody is likely to flee to the Lord Jesus Christ until he or she feels the need of Him. Deep convictions of sin usually produce deep conversions; shallow convictions produce shallow conversions and half-way Christians. Go down to the roots. When you have made a sinner see himself, then point him to the all-sufficient Redeemer, whose atoning blood cleanseth from all sin. This was Peter's style of preaching at the time of Pentecost, when three thousand souls were convicted and converted in a single day. When you are preaching repentance you cannot be too pungent; when you are offering salvation through the Lord Jesus you cannot be too winsome and beseeching.

"OUR FATHER."

Without doubt, the knowledge that we are dealing with our Father opens the very heart of prayer. We, at times, linger over this word, and it brings to our heart and mind a picture of entrancing beauty. We feel that to a father we can open the wells of our heart's desires. We look upon a picture whose full lights and shadows are all wreathed in the glorious mellowness which proceeds from "Our Father." The very name takes from us the fear which would otherwise make us strained and uncomfortable in His presence. It assures us, at the very commencement of our prayer, of a love and care passing the knowledge of man. No man, no true parent, will deal with a child, at any time, in any spirit, save one of loving care. And, "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Father . . . give good things . . ." Surely, there comes over our soul, as we kneel and think of this, a flood which sweeps carelessness away, and makes plain to the eye of faith a valley, the loveliness of which passes human ken, for in it dwells the glory of God, clad in the semblance of a father.

The Fatherhood of God tells us of a ready attention to our cry. The very position in the prayer is as though it were an exclamation made to draw attention to our needs. We come not as aliens, not as strangers, but as children to a father, and from us goes that piteous and yet loving cry: "Our Father!" It arrests the very attention it claims. No other claim precedes it.

There is still another light to see these words in: the light of a father ever being solicitous of his children. Knowing all their frailties, all their weaknesses, He yet is ever showing to them forgiveness and love. No matter how dark the night, the light is always left burning for the wanderer, and the Father is ever with open arms outstretched to even the least and the worst of His erring children, for His judgment is that of, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

No great work is ever done in a hurry. To develop a great scientific discovery, to paint a great picture, to write an immortal poem, to become a minister, or a famous general—to do anything great requires time, patience, and perseverance. These things are done by degrees, "little by little." Milton did not write "Paradise Lost" at a sitting, nor did Shakespeare compose "Hamlet" in a day. The greatest writers must begin with the alphabet, the most famous musicians once picked out their notes laboriously; a child must learn to draw a straight line before he can develop into a Titian or a Michael Angelo.—W. J. Wilmot Buxton.

Emmanuel.

"They shall call His name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is God with us."—Matt. i. 23.

God with us, in wonderful condescension. Emmanuel—God with us, to take away the sin that hinders us from being with God, and from believing fully that God can be with us.

Emmanuel—God with us, to change weakness into strength, and to keep the strength from failing.

Emmanuel—God with us, to wipe away our tears, and to comfort us in our sorrow.

Emmanuel—God with us, to relieve and soften the deep, dark mysteries of this life. Pain racks many gentle and sensitive spirits which have sinned far less than multitudes of the strong and healthy to whom pain never comes. And death, sudden and unexpected, darkens many a happy home, and the grave is as silent as when Abel was buried, as when patriarchs were gathered to their fathers; and hearts may break with anxiety, and the air may at times be full of sighs and questionings. But there is no reply. Not a grave stirs; not a star from on high gives answer; not the flash or the wafting of an angel passing anywhere; nor the softest word spoken to us by any who have died. It sometimes grows awful, and your wise men can do as little as your foolish me.. to give explanation.

But now, listen: "God with us"—not to reason with us until we shall declare ourselves satisfied, not to explain to us all that we might desire to know. God with us to say, "It is I, be not afraid;" to tell us that the world is not fatherless, is not forsaken, is not neglected; that all things are ruled, that nothing is happening by chance, and that we must trust and wait. Yes, the substance of the divine revelation on the mysteries of our life and of this world is this, and the more we consider it the greater it will appear. "You do not know, but I know. Let that be enough. Keep near to Me. Be afraid of no darkness when you grasp My hand. Possess your soul in patience and watch for the morn."

God with us, to prepare us for going to be for ever with Him. Out of birth comes death, but out of death comes birth again. Out of change comes that which itself must change and pass away. But all this transiency and wasting sickness of the world, and perpetual passing away of men, is furnishing to immortal spirits the secret elements of permanence and unchanging life. Time is travelling in pain towards the birth of eternity, and earth shall soon pass away in flames, in order to give place to incombustible and incorruptible heavens where the great Father will make eternal home for His children.

GIFT OF THE UNIVERSE.

Man is a very small part of the universe. Three hundred million worlds, which average as large or larger than this one of ours, is the revelation of the heavens which is given to us by the searching eye of the photographic camera put behind the lens of the telescope—so many worlds that, if all the people living on the earth were distributed among them, there would not be more than three or four to put upon each one of them; so many worlds that, if all the people that have ever lived on earth were distributed among them, there would not be enough to make a little village of twelve hundred people on each one of them. Man's littleness, his nothingness in the immensities of such a universe, is what some people find in these revelations, and they despair. Opportunity, possibilities of service needed, is what these revelations mean to others, and they rejoice. He who said, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that Thou visitest him?" he also said, "Thou crownest him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands."

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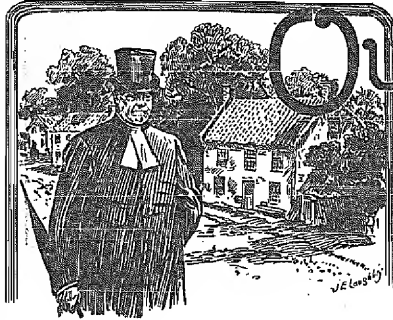
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Chapter III.—(Continued.)

length their trial came off. Jack was sentenced to a long term, but Jean received fifteen months, as no former crime was known against her, and again because she was so young—only fifteen years—and her youth appealed to the judge, who saw she had been the victim of another's influence. He earnestly told her of her sin and warned her of the gulf to which it would sink her. She was sent to the Edinburgh long-sentence prison. This, too, as the former prisons, proved to her a university in which to learn crime. Prisons were differently governed in those days than now. To-day prisoners are much better dealt with, I believe. Better agencies are employed for their salvation, and kindness is mingled with stern discipline, which all helps to improve the influence on the character of the prisoner. It was different in those days. True, they had a chaplain. His name was Rev. Mr. Russell. He belonged to the old school, who fiercely condemned the guilty, and showed forth the all-consuming anger of the Lord against sin, and also, alas! sinners. He was eccentric; the prisoners nicknamed him, "Old Balaclava." It was his wont to pass down the prison corridors with his tracts, and his sonorous voice would call out at the grated doors, as he threw in a tract: "Read that, you women, all going to hell, ruined before I saw you. I can't do anything with you."

One Sabbath morning Jean laughed outright in the service, whereupon the poor man's ire was greatly kindled and "that wretched lass" was reported. For her error she was denied her usual daily walk about the yard of the prison for one month, and instead was put for the same length of time in the "cage," a grated cell, about nine by fifteen feet. Here she walked up and down for her daily exercise, much as a caged lion would do, for her anger burned fierce at "Old Balaclava," and she thirsted for revenge.

Yet, strange to say, God used this poor chaplain in awakening some conviction in Jean's fast-hardening heart. He spoke one Sabbath from Ezek. xxvii., when he said God's trumpet would sound, and the bones of the dead on land and in the sea would come together, and stand up an exceeding great army, for judgment. Perhaps, after all, many of those present needed more to be aroused to the sense of their danger if unrepentant, and who knows but perhaps poor "Old Balaclava" had prayed much for his benighted people. Anyway, Jean was thoroughly afraid. As she lay that night thinking upon it she felt a cold hand laid upon hers, her breath seemed to leave her, and she felt she was sinking, sinking into hell. She strove to rise to her feet, but could not move.

"God, O God!" she gasped. "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

At length she succeeded in gaining her feet and staggered to the water-tap, but had no power to turn it. Then she reached the door of her cell, and, strength returning, she grasped the iron bars and shook them violently. The awful sound in the dark silence of the prison night speedily brought the guard, who exclaimed angrily:

"If you are not quiet we'll put you in irons."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

BY MRS STAFF-CAPT MOORE

"But I'm dying," she moaned. "Oh, help me; bring me a light."

He was startled by her manner and brought a light. He also brought the matron, who persuaded her to lie down again, and because Jean was trembling from head to foot, she piled on extra bedding. Still Jean insisted she was dying.

"If I die I'll go to hell! Get me a doctor. Oh, be quick!"

The doctor was summoned and administered a cordial, saying gently:

"Don't give way to nervousness, try to soothe yourself and go to sleep."

Presently the cordial, taking effect, caused her to fall into an uneasy slumber for a short time, but it did not remove from her the awful impression she had received. For months she failed to sleep, save under the



Beating Wife and Children When Drunk.

influence of the doctor's prescription. How she craved it, just for the sake of forgetfulness for a season, else she thought she would go mad.

There was a Bible in her cell. She tried to find relief in reading it, but felt she was too wicked to touch it. When she did open it, God's wrath as a dense cloud seemed to envelop her. One day, when she again ventured to find some help in its pages, she happened to read of Jesus' kindness and mercy to Mary Magdalene. Oh, the balm it brought to her wretched, guilty soul. Then again she read of Mary washing Jesus' feet and wiping them with her hair, and she said within herself, "Oh, and so would I if He, Jesus, would forgive me."

Then she sought for the teaching of the Bible on purgatory, but in this she was unsuccessful. She repeated what prayers she knew, she sang the hymns which she had learned at the Presbyterian Sabbath School

when a child, and so, by all these methods, she tried to make herself good. She was convinced she was a sinner, and that was one step in the way to salvation; secondly, she resolved, by the help of God, to turn from her sins, and so God was leading her; it remained for her to follow on.

At length her term in prison expired and again she was free and upon the street. Jack Kingan awaited her at the door. Oh, that some representative of Jesus had met her; but bad companions seemed to always dog her footsteps. However, she told him plainly she meant to live a better life.

"Jack, of course I'm glad to see you, and glad we are both free again, but for the future I mean to live right, and think it is best we should part," she said.

"Oh, and so you've turned religious, Jean?"

"No; I wish I was," she replied humbly, "but I'm going to go to church. I see no pleasure in living fast, and stealing, and such like. If you choose to, all right, but I'm done, so good-bye."

It was well spoken, and Jean thought she was determined, but it took all her self-command not to betray her sorrow, for she loved this man with all the intensity of her warm Scotch nature. Only her resolution to live right would have induced her to insist upon liberty from her engagement. Jack was not easily thrown off. He also loved Jean; not as unselfishly, it is true, but he had a genuine respect for all the good there was in her character, and there was much to admire, though

much, at the same time, to deplore. Thus he said to her:

"Well, you can be as good as you like; I don't object. I don't feel called upon to be of that turn myself, but I promise I won't hinder you, Jean. So give me a chance, perhaps you'll make me good, too, who knows?"

"That's true," she thought, glad of a reason that might justify their union, and after some more resisting on her part, their engagement was renewed, and in a very short time they were married.

A lady of the High Church of England took a kindly interest in Jean at this time, and took her to the church. Jean gave her her confidence and told her all her past, nor was it misplaced. She was a good, true friend to Jean. Jean attended the church for five years, and remembered her determination to be good, although in many things she came far short of it. She fully realized her shortcomings and confessed them to "mother," an officer of the church, but was partly excused and partly defended, and assured that none were perfect, "no, not one." So she rather yielded to temptations the more as time went on, and gradually slipped away from the little light which had been given her.

Meanwhile Jack was going rapidly from bad to worse. He was untrue to poor Jean, and broke her heart by his friendship with another disreputable woman. He neglected his wife and family to spend his days and nights away from home. When he did come home he was drunk, and in a frenzy would beat and kick her, on some occasions dragging her out of bed by the hair. The children, of whom there were two, many times lacked for bread, and cried with hunger, while she wept with misery, jealousy, and heart-break.

Alas! the story of drink is still a thousand-fold repeated to-day in our land.

(To be continued.)

New Women's Industrial Home in Demerara.

The long-projected Industrial Home for Women in British Guiana is now an accomplished fact, as the following press description of the property and proceedings on the opening day will show:

"Adelaide House," so called in honor of Commissioner Cox, second in command of the Salvation Army institutions in England, was opened on Monday as an Industrial Home. There was a large and interested audience, including local clergymen and several ladies who have identified themselves with the inauguration of the Home. A large two-storey house, airy, and standing in its own grounds, it is

Admirably Adapted

for the purpose for which it has been acquired. Upstairs the Warden's bed-room and office are situated, also four fine rooms, containing in all twenty beds for the inmates. On the first storey there is a commodious, handsome room, which will be utilized for recreation and meetings, and the work-room adjoins it. There is ample lavatory and bath-room accommodation, and out-buildings, which will be converted into a laundry, etc. In all respects the Home is complete, and the untiring promoters of the scheme are to be congratulated on having come into possession of such a desirable property.

Colonel Rauch, after recalling the initial steps towards the establishment of the Home, said they had not lost by the long delays, for they had secured a very substantial and suitable property for the work, and had also deposited the money required to make it of permanent value to them. They had provided substantial and durable, though not elaborate, furniture, and a capable staff of workers. With confidence in God, confidence in the organization they belonged to, and confidence in the public, they had high hopes of success in Georgetown. The work was primarily preventative. They would

Not Waste Time

or money on those who gave no reasonable hope of reformation, but the worst would get a chance, provided that they comply with the regulations of the institution. Personal co-operation was necessary in every case. Girls would be taught in the needle-room and the laundry-room, and general domestic work. They hope to be able to supply the public with good servants. The sympathy that had been extended to them had encouraged them to go on, and he had no fears for the future.

Rev. D. J. Reynolds voiced his pleasure and gratification at the establishment of the institution. He had long been convinced of the need that existed for it. He was glad to hear that the great object of the Home would be prevention—prevention of the terrible distress which they as ministers, at least those of them who moved among the people, knew was prevalent among the young women. The lack of such a Home had

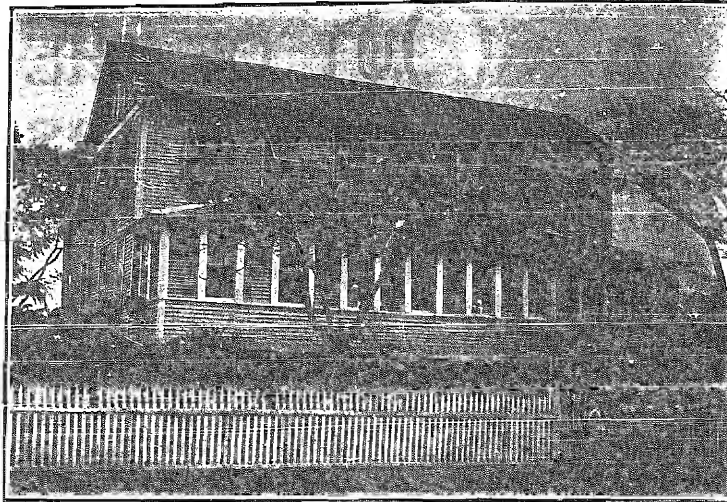
Driven Many a Girl

into the ways of sin and shame. It would be a shelter for those who longed to flee from the evil path.

Rev. W. B. Ritchie said he had taken some little interest in the project, because he was one of those who recognized that an institution of that kind was very much required in Georgetown. They had, unfortunately, a very considerable number of women who received a bad home training, who may be said, indeed, to have no homes in the right sense of the word. There was a want of work for young women, and a need for some training, so that they might turn out better cooks and housemaids. Even

The Government

of the colony recognized that there was a special need for some place where girls could be trained and taught, and the need that existed twelve years ago was not less to-day. Every right-minded member of the community must sympathize with the institution



New Women's Industrial Home, Demerara.

opened that day. It had excellent features. He liked the term "industrial." It was not simply a house for the fallen. It is a place where girls, who had no means of being virtuously brought up, would be taught something that would be useful to them. (Applause.)

The Chief Secretary VISITS LONDON.

By Staff-Capt. Perry.

Scene I.—A waiting crowd, the open-air skirmish had taken place, the soldiers have filed in and eager for the inside bombardment. The faces of the friend and stranger are turned toward the platform, seeing propriety prohibits a backward look, to try and learn by the attitude of the soldiers the moment the Colonel arrives.

The soldiers' eyes are turned with an expectant gaze towards the door, and alike to soldier, stranger, and friend, patience is rewarded by the appearance of the Colonel, Mrs. Jacobs, and little Dora.

Seeing the train brought them late a thundering volley, welcome speeches, and the doxology are all Father Time will allow us, and with a little "How do you do?" after-effect, the crowd go home delighted to have seen the Colonel, and looking forward for the morrow.

Scene II.—6.15 a.m. A small detachment of soldiers on Sunday morning is seen at this early hour standing up by a building at the market waiting for late comers. What is up? Why, the Easter knee-drill march, of course. It's an annual thing now, and even the policemen know it. The numbers swell until between forty and fifty join the waiters, and off we go. The city is awakened; reinforcements appear at the barracks, where the Easter knee-drill of 1904 is led by Brigadier Hargrave.

Scene III.—The day is fine. Open-airs have had an extension of time allowed, and prove to be an attraction. The writer lost the afternoon one in consequence of a jail meeting, but saw at a distance the crowd.

Reluctantly they walked away at the finish, and once more it was unmistakably proven that "a crowd brings a crowd." We cannot tell the effect of that one open-air.

Scene IV.—A fine audience greets the Colonel inside. His burning words on Pilate's question, "What will ye do with Jesus?" brought men and women face to face with their responsibility towards Christ. The address was both forcible and interesting—one of those addresses that make you think. Mrs. Jacobs and Dora both sang, much to the interest of the meeting, and everybody is filled with expectancy for the night meeting.

Friends were glad to see Major Rawling out to the afternoon meeting.

Scene V.—A sea of faces greets the Colonel at night. His address is clothed in power. "Strive to enter in," is taken for his subject, and men are made to feel that getting to heaven is no chance work. The night closes with seven souls at the cross. Both Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave ably supported the Colonel and wife, and all went home feeling the battle had been the Lord's, and He has gotten to Himself the victory.

Scene VI.—What shall I say of Monday night? The officers from the Province had come in, and P. H. Q. was like a "bee hive" during the day when they were not assembled in council.

After an inspiring talk from the Colonel at the Summerset Hall, and a tea for the inner man, so kindly provided by some of the sisters of the corps, the officers were in good trim for the evening engagement. The open-air bombardment over, the long procession of over one hundred march back and then begins the meeting so long looked-forward to by the snow-bound comrades of the winter. Capt. Jones' song, "Keep on the sunny side," got everybody in good spirits, and the meeting went with a swing. Speeches by the Staff, promotions to the Staff, also some to the field rank, together with the Colonel's address, made a very interesting meeting. It was an old-time one, and we only wish the meetings could have lasted longer.

However, as it cannot be, we accept the inevitable, bid the Colonel, Mrs. Jacobs, and Dora adieu, and look forward to a day of councils with the Provincial Officers on Tuesday.

FARGO'S PROPERTY.

Ensign Gillam is making rapid strides with the barracks question at Fargo. The public have responded in the most gratifying manner, and the total is now within measurable distance of attainment. Already plans have been gotten out. To say the least, the proposal is one that will do credit to the Army. Adj. McRae and Ensign Lacey are on the ground at Regina. Things point to a speedy solution of the barracks question in this place. They hope to have the whole thing complete by the end of May. The officers have held on bravely all winter without a hall to meet in, but we rejoice that such an unsatisfactory state of things is now at vanishing point. The Western Provincial Officer has several other splendid building propositions up his sleeve. More of these anon.

The Sheriff of Traverse City, U.S.A., states that since Army meetings have been held in the jail there has been a marked improvement in every prisoner.

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SELF-DENIAL EFFORT,

MAY 1st to 7th.

The Local Officer's Share in the Toils and Triumphs of Self-Denial Week.

By The General.



FEW years ago a Prince of the Royal Family of Austria grew tired of the life he was spending, divided between the cares of State and the pomps and vanities of a gay and passing world.

Looking around at the misery and wickedness prevalent in every direction, he asked himself the question whether he could not employ his time, and use his talents and possessions, more profitably to his fellows, and with more satisfaction to his God, by helping the miserable sons and daughters of misfortune and misconduct, who met his gaze whichever way he turned, than in the self-pleasing, worldly life he was living?

He answered the question in the affirmative, and at once proceeded to act upon it. He set his house in order, informed his rich relatives of his intention, laid aside his fashionable garments, left his palace with all its historic and wealthy associations, and joined himself to a monastic Order in the Roman Catholic Church, whose chief business consisted in ministering to the wants and woes of the poor.

A Prince's Testimony.

At this mission he labored away for some time in his native land, and a little while ago came to London, where he is now at work on the same business, and, I have never a doubt, finds plenty for hand and heart to do.

A few weeks ago it appears that this Missionary Prince delivered a speech, in which he made the following remarkable statement—remarkable on account not only of the affirmation it contained, but of the experience, rank, and character of the individual making it.

The Prince said, in the course of his address, that as far as his knowledge went, for genuine, practical, personal sacrifice, the Week of Self-Denial in the Salvation Army put similar efforts in the entire Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a priest, to shame!

That is a gratifying testimony, is it not, my comrades? But it is nothing new. Something like it is being said by people of all countries, classes, and conditions the world over, every day; and the best thing about these statements is the fact that they are true. Who dare say they are not? That is what I want to know.

The Week's Wonders.

Think of the brief period that has elapsed since the Self-Denial Scheme was first originated! Why, it only seems like the other day since I was contending with the unbelief of the officers immediately around me as to whether it could be done, and whether, if done, it would produce anything worth the trouble! And now, see what a mighty sum of money is the outcome of the Week's effort! Then see what blessed work for God and eternity has been accomplished by the funds it has furnished!

Who can measure the misery it has relieved? Who can count the hungry people it has fed in many lands, the wanderers it has gathered home, the sick it has visited, the broken hearts it has comforted, and, best of all—a million times the best of all—the souls it has rescued, especially among the heathen nations, from the ways of sin, and death, and ruin, and landed at the blessed Saviour's feet?

The Self-Denial effort is, indeed, a scheme devised in heaven, suggested by the Holy Spirit, a child born of the living God.

But, blessed and successful as the Self-Denial effort has proved; marvelous as has been its performances on the rough and

thorny path poor human nature has to travel, where would it have been without the Local Officer? That is another question I want to ask.

The Indispensable Local!

What would the Self-Denial effort have been without the steady, plodding co-operation of the Local Officer? Where would the corps totals, and the Divisional totals, and the Territorial totals, and the world-wide totals have been without his day-by-day oversight; and his sitting-up at nights; and his stirring-up of the settled-down and tired seniors; and his pushing out and forward of the timid, bashful juniors; and ever so many other things too numerous to mention, which he has to see to, or they would never be seen to at all?

But the most practical question I leave to the last; and that is, Where would the Self-Denial effort be without the Local Officer's example? That is what I especially want to know.

Where would Self-Denial come out without his example at home, in the family, with the wife keeping him in good spirits over the shortcomings of the table at dinner time; with the husband cheering the wife when she tells of disappointments with her collecting card; and with the children, bless them! who won't be behind the pattern set them at their own fireside?

His Valuable Example.

What would Self-Denial be without the Local Officer's example in the workshop, in the field, behind the counter, in the house, with the master and the mistress, and with the visitors who come and go?

Where would Self-Denial be without the Local Officer's example in the barracks?

The Captain and the Lieutenant do well. So they do. God reward them! I thank them in their own magazine; but I am on the Local Officer's ground just now, and I want to say to him that no one can measure the extent to which the success of Self-Denial depends on the Local Officer's influence, exhortations, and example in the barracks.

I believe the Local Officer's co-operation to be next door to the very keystone of the arch that supports the whole fabric. We could not do without it. We must have it, or Self-Denial Week would go down, if it did not disappear altogether.

Hallelujah for the Local!

But what is it that I hear some Sergeant-Major saying? What are you complaining about, my brother? Speak up. Listen! He asks, "But who takes any notice of all the toil and sacrifice the Local Officers put forth in making this Self-Denial a success? Who gives us any thanks?"

Oh, for shame, my comrade! Never say that again!

For is there not always the blessing of your Lord, who denied Himself, even to the cross? And is there not ever the General's gratitude and the General's blessing; and is there not the General's anticipation that, on this very occasion, the Self-Denial Week of 1904, the Local Officer is going to do better than he has ever done before?

Ten thousand hallelujahs on earth, and twice ten thousand hallelujahs in heaven, for the Salvation Army Local Officer!

Ever your affectionate General,

William Booth

THE WAR IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

Brigadier Laurie, City Colony; Brigadier Kitching, Literary Secretary to the Chief of the Staff, and Brigadiers Mapp and Ronssel, both Under Foreign Secretaries, have been raised to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel by the General recently.

Twenty-two men knelt at the penitent form at Blackfriars Shelter, London, on a recent Sunday morning. "I have lost three businesses through the curse of drink," groaned one dear man. "But, thank God, I believe He will keep me from ever tasting a drop again."

Our Slum Officers in Bermondsey, England, were sent for hurriedly the other day to attend a young dying woman, a Jewess. For hours the Captain waited on her, soothing her last moments, and in her arms the girl passed away, with the words, "God is love," on her lips.

Miss Fox, a Bristol lady, has collected a library of two hundred books for the Men's Shelter in Castle Street. This thoughtful act is greatly appreciated by Capt. Smith and the homeless men who live at that Social institution.

Forty-nine different countries and colonies will be represented at the I. C. C.

Commissioner and Mrs. Sturgess have been granted a two months' leave of absence from their work in the City Colony, London, Eng. They have fought under severe physical unfitness for the task till the Chief had to interpose and say, "Rest awhile!"

Commissioner Cadman sits in his tent, eager for the summons to another fight, either in this or any other world.

Commissioner Kilbey farewells from South Africa on the 24th of May.

Commissioner Howard's recent inspection of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, and France involved traveling four thousand miles, 120 hours in personal interviews and conferences with the Territorial Leaders on such subjects as the coming Congress, the General's prospective visits, officers' health, literature in all its branches, finance, distress funds, property, etc. All in about three weeks! And the Commissioner is said to be none the worse.

OUR COUSINS' DOINGS.

A Japanese and Chinese baby are among fourteen tiny individuals at present living in the Oakland Rescue Home, U.S.A.

During the visit of our officers to the jail at Waukesha, Wisconsin, U.S.A., two prisoners, one of whom is held on a charge of murder, knelt with them on the cell floor and cried for God's forgiveness.

Colonel Holz conducted the opening of a new Slum Corps in Cleveland, Ohio, enrolling several new soldiers, including the grandfather, mother, father, and daughter of one family. The daughter is becoming a Corps-Cadet.

Major Escott, assisted by Bro. Hazzard, has succeeded in raising \$12,000 for a new citadel in Cincinnati. The Major hoped to reach the \$20,000 mark by the beginning of April. Thus a fine new building for Cincinnati is assured.

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller has sent Colonel Holz an additional subscription of \$2,500 towards our new Citadel Building in Cleveland, making his total subscription to date \$12,000.

Mrs. Senator Hanna has just sent a donation of \$1,000 to Colonel Holz toward the Cleveland Citadel account. She also sent the Colonel a very nice autograph letter in acknowledgement of the letter of sympathy he sent her at the time of the Senator's death.

Young People's Page

Discovories and Adventures.

IV.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—(Concluded.)

The expedition turned out badly. His sailors would not ascend the Grinnon unless he remained at the mouth to keep off the Spaniards. Those who ascended found a Spanish village in the way, and after a sharp fight drove the Spaniards out, and burned the place. The mine, if it really existed, they never reached, and Raleigh had to return to England with failure on his head. He was soon arrested and lodged in the Tower.

Whether James would be pardoned Raleigh if he had brought home large quantities of gold cannot now be said. Coming home as he did, he had to bear the blame of the attack on the Spanish village, which he had done nothing to avert in his orders to the party going up the river. He was brought before a commission of the Privy Council. Notes taken of the proceedings have been only partially preserved, but it appears that there was strong evidence that after his failure he had attempted to induce his captains to seize Spanish prizes, or, in other words, to commit what James held to be an act of piracy, though Raleigh, with his views of the righteousness of fighting Spain, gave him no ground. The government in Europe might do what would doubtless have qualified it by another name. At last the commission decided against him, and he was sent to execution formally on his old sentence of death. In reality for having allowed his men to shed Spanish blood after engaging that he would not do so. He was executed on the 29th of October, 1618. His attitude against Spain gave him popularity at a time when the attempt of James to draw closer the bonds between Spain and England was repudiated by a great majority of the nation.

Thus the fate of that distinguished man ended, the one about whom nearly every child has read something in their school-books. To the best of his knowledge, he evidently served well his country and Sovereign, but certainly James did not always reward his subjects according to their deserts. Differing in this respect from the Heavenly King, who takes particular note of our sacrifices in the interests of His Kingdom, and who is living up to us a reward which will be eternal, if we serve Him well and faithfully.

OUR HISTORY CLASS

IV.—THE FRENCH.

Chapter XLVIII.

THE COMMUNISTS.—A.D. 1871.

The terms of the treaty were no sooner known, than all the ill-will and distrust of the Red Republicans openly broke out. They declared that they were betrayed; that their generals and the National Guards would not fight, and had sold them to the enemy; and that they would not give up their arms, or be bound by the treaty. They drew together on a height with their cannon, and closed the gates, and harried the streets again. The Government withdrew to Versailles, to wait for the arrival of all the troops who had been in captivity; and new Red Republicans did what they chose. One horrible deed was shooting, and that with many repeated wounds, two generals who had tried to maintain discipline in the first place, and had then offended them.

A sort of Government was set up, calling itself the Commune—an old word for a town council governing itself—and thus the Red Republicans were known as the Communists. They were editors and newspaper writers, or else workmen and mechanics; and there was no noble among them, quite as desperate as the rest. All the former pride of the first Bonaparte had turned into a ferocious hatred to the very name; so that even the great column of the Place Vendôme, raised in honor of his victories, was thrown down; and the Communists were as furious against law, order, property, and religion as ever their grandfathers in the Reign of Terror had been. They turned the clergy out of the churches, and the Sisters of Charity out of the hospitals, and uttered the maddest and most horrible blasphemies against all that was good and great. The women were equally violent, or even more so, with the men—they sang songs of liberty, and carried weapons, uttering fearful threats. Some of the leaders had been captured, and kept at Versailles; whereupon they seized upon the Archbishop, Monseigneur Darboy, and five more clergy—good and holy men, who had spent their whole lives in the endeavor to teach and lead the people, and who, all through the siege, had toiled to lessen the sufferings of the poor. They were thrown into prison; and when the Commune found that their own members were not released, and so was the Duke of Nemours, and the army were closely besieging Paris, all these good priests were brought to the prison of La Roquette, and there shot and hastily buried. The good Archbishop died with his hand upon the Bible, as if in the act of blessing his murderers. This was on the 24th of May, 1871.

All France was against the madmen who had possession of their much-loved Paris. The Communists held out desperately, and forced many quiet citizens to fight, by making their carrying arms the only condition of obtaining food, which, of course, they could not earn by honest labor, and of old, at last, however, the soldiers from Versailles began to force their way in, and then, in their final madness, the Red Republicans set fire to the city. The Hotel de Ville was soon blazing, and so was the Tuileries. It was said that inflammable materials had been placed in them for this purpose, and that women went about throwing petroleum in at the windows of houses to set them on fire.

The Versailles Government, their troops, and indeed all who looked on, were in a frenzy of rage and grief at seeing their beautiful city, the pride and darling of every Frenchman's heart, thus destroyed before their eyes. And as the soldiers slowly fought their way in, with cannon pointed down the streets, and mowing all before them, they made a most fearful slaughter of men and women alike—and, it may be feared, the innocent with the guilty. Indeed, the very cry of "une poutrelle" was enough to cause a woman to be hunted down, and shot without further trial. There was a last stand made by the Communists in the great cemetery of Pere la Chaise, where most of them died the death of wolves; and large herds of captured marched off to prison, and exiled to Cayenne or New Caledonia.

Thus the Red Republic was extinguished in fire and blood, and order was restored. The city was found to be less injured by the fires than had been feared when they were seen rising; and for the time M. Thiers ruled as a sort of President, and set matters as right as was possible in the torn and bleeding country. Meanwhile, the Emperor, Napoleon III, died in his exile in England; and the nation began to consider what should be the Government of the future. The old parties still existed—the Legitimists still loyal to Henry, Count of Chambord; the Orleanists, wishing for a son or grandson of Louis Philippe; the Bonapartists, loving the memory of Napoleon III, and hoping to restore his son; the Moderate Tricolored Republicans, chiefly seeking rest and order, and now revenge upon Germany and the remnant of the Communists.

Henry, Count of Chambord, having no children, so that the Count of Paris, eldest grandson of Louis Philippe, was his right heir, there was a plan that the Legitimists and Orleans parties should join, and a proposal was made to restore the Count of Chambord as such a King as Louis Philippe was, and that



Family of Rear-Admiral Togo.

the Count of Paris should reign after him. But the Count of Chambord's answer was that he would come to his forefathers' throne if he were invited, but only to reign as they did, by the right given to his family by God, not as the chosen of the people. He would be the most Christian King—the King of France, not of the French—with the white flag of the Bourbons, not the tricolor—and the eldest Son of the Church, obedient to the Pope.

Nobody except the old Legitimists was in a mood to accept this answer; and so, when the choice of a Government was put to the vote of the nation, it was decided to have a Republic, with a President, instead of a monarchy; and Marshal MacMahon was soon after elected as President.

RUSSIA'S REMOUNTS.

The Government of Tokmok, where the Siberian Caspian is reared, is, says Engineering, a well-watered region, with something like 1,600 lakes, many of them of considerable size, scattered over the 364,680 square versts; but the population equals only about 1 1/2 per square mile, and many had their origin in the utilization of the territory as a sort of Tofany Bay for European Russia. The people are still largely primitive, the ram being the unit of exchange in their barter system. Cattle breeding is extensively adopted, and it is from this source that the Russian army will draw most of their horses. These animals are small and hardy, not particularly about food, and capable of enduring a great deal of cold; but the load they can take, even on a level road, is only about 800 pounds.

During the last fiscal year \$11,826,626 worth of fish products was exported from Canada. A large part of the report is devoted to the dog fish pest, which caused a loss of half a million dollars in 1902 on the Nova Scotia coast alone. Among the expedients suggested for their extermination during a Government bounty and the liberating of hundreds of live dog fish with sandy streamers or jingling bells firmly attached to their bodies.

The Amateur Photographer

Intensification.—It has been pointed out that the best thing to do with an under-exposed negative is to destroy it, as it is impossible for it to yield a pleasing print. An over-exposed plate, however, full of delicate detail, but with little or no density, can often be saved by the process of intensification. No better definition of this process could be given than this: "Any method of increasing the opacity of the developed image to the chemically-active rays, either by changing its color or rendering the deposit thicker, is technically called 'intensifying a negative,' and the agents used are called 'intensifiers.'" To intensify correctly—except in a few special cases—the density of every part of the negative must be increased proportionately.

There are many methods of intensifying negatives, to each of which some objection might reasonably be made. Experimenting photographers might do a great work by concentrating their attention on this very important branch of the art, which is far from being ideal at present. It is very questionable indeed whether a negative which has undergone intensification will stand the test of time. The two principal methods are known as "silver intensification" and "mercury intensification." The first, however, is a very delicate operation, and the greatest care is exercised throughout, failure will be the inevitable result. The one recommended, therefore, to the beginner is the "mercury intensifier."

One great advantage of the mercury process is that either the negative can be intensified immediately after the final washing, subsequent to "fixation," or it can be done in a negative which has been stored away some time. The negative in either case previous to treatment should be thoroughly washed, and afterwards allowed to soak for an hour or so in a vessel of water in which a little alum has been previously dissolved.

It is not generally known among amateurs that a faded negative that has once been intensified by mercury can, as a rule, be brought back to its original density by performing again the process of intensification by the same method. The following formula is to be recommended:

Bichloride of mercury, 1 oz. water, 10 oz. This quantity of water will not dissolve all the mercury. The residue, however, should be allowed to remain in the bottle, and more water added as the solution becomes through unavoidable waste. After the negative has been most effectively washed and allowed to soak in the weak alum solution recommended above, and again re-washed, place in a shallow dish (dip-side upwards), and pour over sufficient "mercury solution" to cover the plate. In a few seconds the negative will bleach. When the film is perfectly white all over, take the negative out of the bath and subject it to a thorough washing. The solution may be poured back into the bottle for future use.

Bear in mind that the permanency of the negative depends in a great measure on the thoroughness of the washing. When this is complete the negative has to be placed in a solution of ammonia, the strength of which must be varied according to the degree of intensity aimed at. One or two drops of ammonia in each ounce of water will be sufficient for a negative requiring but little increase of density. The greater density required, the more ammonia is to be used. The negative, when placed in the ammonia solution, will at once begin to darken, and the process will be complete when all action is stopped.

The following formula is one which can be strongly recommended: Mercuric chloride, 10 gr.; potassium bromide, 10 gr.; water, 1 oz. It is, however, far better to dilute the above solution, even to the extent of four times its volume of water. In order that its action may not be too energetic.

When the negative is completely bleached, rinse off the mercuric solution, and wash slightly. Next immerse the negative in a mixture of equal parts of a saturated solution of sulphate of soda and water. The darkening action will then gradually and effectually take place just the same as with the ammonia solution. When sufficient density has been gained, wash thoroughly.

A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

Appropos of the severity of the Russian climate at Wlma, during the appalling retreat of the French, after Moscow, there were, says a British officer, who was in the Russian service, 17,000 dead and dying, frozen and freezing, and the bodies of the windows, floors, and walls! The dead so choked the town that the Jews were paid five silver kopecks for each corpse they buried outside the walls, and to swell their profits they threw the dying out of the windows of the hospital!

LOCUSTS CLEAR EVERYTHING.

Swarms of locusts have devastated the valleys of Usambara, in German East Africa. They were first noticed coming from Wembo, Feb. 2nd. It is officially stated that the most terrible locusts would not give any idea of the number of locusts, and the trees on which they settle have been broken down, and mulberry and banana trees have been stripped. Scarcely a green blade of leaf has been left in the forests or farms, except in the case of coffee plants, which the locusts tried, but disliked.

In Nagasaki, Japan, there is a fireworks maker who manufactures pyrotechnic birds of great size that, when exploded, soar in a life-like manner through the air, and perform many movements exactly like those of living birds. The secret of making these wonderful things has been in possession of the eldest child of the family each generation for more than four hundred years.

WAR CRY

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All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.



Promotions—

Capt. W. J. Hancock to be ENSIGN.

Capt. R. Crego to be ENSIGN.

Capt. L. Wilson to be ENSIGN.

Marriage—

Capt. J. Forsberg, who came out from Jamestown, N.D., 9.6.98, and is now stationed at Carman, Man., to Lieut. Bertha Steckley, who came out from Dauphin, Man., 12.0.02, and was last stationed at Larimore, by Major Burditt, 7.4.04.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.



THE "UNEMPLOYABLE."

The General has recently issued a pamphlet which had attracted wide-spread attention, and has been the inspiration of certain Government measures to be introduced in the British Parliament. This pamphlet contains some proposals concerning vagrants and "unemployables," meaning that class which will not work. The proposal is to "so amend the Vagrancy Act as to give magistrates power to commit to colonies or settlements established for that purpose, vagrants coming before them, under certain prescribed conditions, for periods of not more than three years." It is on the principle generally accepted in the Social operations of the Army, that if a man will not work neither shall he eat. There appears to be good hope that the proposal will become legislation, which all philanthropists would welcome.

MAJOR RAWLING'S BEREAVEMENT.

Major and Mrs. Rawling, as we mentioned recently, have lost their baby. For months the child has been under the doctor's care, ere death transplanted it into the heavenly nursery.

Only a few hours after returning from the funeral the sorrowing parents sustained another blow to their hearts. Reta, the little girl, was almost killed in front of the Major's home, by a stone thrown by a boy in the street. For three days and nights she was in a serious condition from concussion of the brain, but there are now prospects of her recovery. May God comfort our comrades and fully restore their darling girl.

Colonel and Mrs. Holland, we are glad to note, were enthusiastically welcomed at Fort Ronie Colony. All were delighted by evidence of Colonel's returning strength and vigor after terrible experience. The Colonel took leading part in several well-attended, inspiring meetings and in enrolment of soldiers. Also conducted important conference with colonists; was pleased with development and improvement of colony and with progressive spirit of colonists. We learn that his visit was productive of much good, and will be of lasting benefit to Fort Ronie.

Are You Going to England?

If so, you had better hurry up and communicate with the Commissioner, Transportation Department, 20 Albert St., Toronto, or your Provincial Officer, so that a berth may be secured for you aboard the Str. Ionian, which sails from Montreal on Friday morning, June 10th. Note the following:

1. The cost of one berth, S. A. accommodation, is \$62.00, for a ticket good from Montreal to London, via Liverpool, and return, and admission to Crystal Palace; \$5 deposit to be made with application, \$35 more to be paid in before May 1st, and the balance of \$22 before embarkation.

2. The S. A. ticket entitles the holder to return second class on the Parisian, or any other steamer of her grade belonging to the Allan Line, and sailing from Liverpool or Glasgow. If the ticket-holder wishes to return second class on a twin screw steamer, as the Ionian, Tunisian, or Bavarian, an addition of \$2.50 will have to be paid when booking return at the Allan Line Office, London. The return ticket is good if used within twelve months from date of issue. If returning by way of Glasgow a refund of \$2.38 will be made by the company on each ticket.

3. The public meetings will conclude with the Crystal Palace Demonstration on July 5th. Field Officers' Councils will conclude on July 8th. This makes it possible for Field Officers and soldiers to return on the steamer Parisian, which sails from Liverpool on July 14th. The sailings of Allan Line vessels are:

Str. Tunisian sails July 7th.

Str. Parisian sails July 14th.

Str. Ionian sails July 21st.

Str. Bavarian sails July 28th.

Str. Parisian sails Aug. 4th.

And every seven days thereafter.

We are now able to give the outline of the leading events of the Congress:

Friday, June 24th, the Royal Albert Hall. Grand Opening of Congress by the General, supported by the Chief of the Staff, Mrs. Booth, and the International Headquarters Commissioners. Reception of Representatives from all parts of the world. One of the most notable and magnificent gatherings in the annals of the Salvation Army.

Sunday, June 26th. Special campaigns in suburban theatres and public halls, conducted by Territorial Commissioners and their Staffs. A network of extraordinary meetings has thus been arranged to take place simultaneously within ten miles of London.

Monday, June 27th. Opening of the great International Congress Hall, Strand, by the General. The opening meeting will be followed by a series of public gatherings throughout the week.

Sunday, July 3rd. Special campaigns in suburban theatres and public halls, conducted by Territorial Commissioners and their Staffs.

Monday, July 4th. Reception of Officers from all parts of the United Kingdom, in the Great International Congress Hall, by the General.

Tuesday, July 5th. Monster Crystal Palace Day. Gathering of International Delegates. Massed Bands from all parts of the world. Cyclonic Musical Festival. Salute of International Delegates by the General. Stupendous Review of International Troops, etc., etc.

Wednesday, July 6th; Thursday, July 7th; Friday, July 8th. Field Officers' Councils in the Great International Congress Hall.

Monday, July 11th, to Monday, July 25th. Special Staff Councils for various grades of Staff Officers from all parts of the world, including Councils for Territorial Commissioners, Provincial Commanders, Divisional Officers, etc., etc.

N. B.—Tickets can ONLY be secured through the S. A. Transportation Department.



AUSTRALASIA.

Commissioner McKie has just conducted an extensive campaign throughout New Zealand including many public meetings and several officers' councils. Much blessing and encouragement have resulted.

SWEDEN.

Mrs. Commissioner McAlonan recently opened a new laundry in connection with our Women's Social Work in Stockholm. It gives employment for fifteen women.

Count Hamilton, the County Governor, and a number of influential friends, attended the opening of our new Sailors' Home at Gelfe, Sweden, and expressed their sympathy with its objects. They also promised that this new agency should receive their support.

LAPLAND.

Ensign Lander, who for some years has been working among the Laplanders, mentions some of the difficulties connected with his work. The Lapps live chiefly on reindeer

and fish. They are usually about at five in the morning, and until nightfall remain away on the mountains, hunting the reindeer. They move quickly from place to place, often only sheltering in rough tents, with skins and furs for their covering. The only chance to have meetings with them is during the evening, when they return to their tents. In the districts where the Ensign has been, the Salvation Army is the only missionary agency at work.

FINLAND.

Colonel and Mrs. Ogrin recently opened a new hall for the Helsingfors III., Finland, and forty-seven souls surrendered at the penitential form.

HOLLAND.

Colonel Fornachon, Holland's Chief Secretary, has just completed a long tour, having visited all the Dutch corps, save one. There were forty-four seekers at the penitential form in the Colonel's meetings.

An ex-schoolmaster, who lost his position through intemperance, has recently passed through our Amsterdam Elevator. After eighteen months with us, he has again been entrusted with a position on Holland's teaching staff.

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Saturday Noon.

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The Commissioner's Massey Music Hall Meeting.

THE SPLENDID EDIFICE AGAIN PACKED FROM FLOOR TO CEILING WITH AN ATTENTIVE CROWD
—A REMARKABLE ADDRESS, "TWO LOVES, OR THE SHEPHERD."

Saturday Noon.

THREE minutes and the swirl of a thunder-cloud had wrapped Toronto in gloom. Fainter, fainter sank the light. Then the cloud burst and the clattering hail fell, while the darkness was such as might be felt.

"A strange phenomenon," said business men, as they turned on the electric light. "Is it the end of the world?" queried nervous voices in the kitchen, as lamps were hurriedly lit.

Only the Londoners laughed and said they had seen things on this fashion before.

But out from a lower window in the Army Headquarters an anxious face was peering up into the angry sky. "What if it is like this to-morrow?" murmured the agitated voice. "What if five thousand seats are—" here the whisper was drowned in an audible "Well, we must trust God in the dark and leave the elements where they are—in His hands. But, oh, surely the clouds will clear for to-morrow."

"Surely they will," was the echo all over the building. For to-morrow was the glorious roth, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the World's Apostle and our General, and were we not going to celebrate his birthday with a meeting at the Massey, when our restored Commissioner was pledged to an address, whose brief title, "The Shepherd," conveyed a volume of anticipated spiritual delights.

Sunday Night.

"It is a little late for a sealskin jacket, dear aunt, but still the evenings are cool."

"And it is a very handsome one, my love," with a satisfied squirm to get a better view in the glass over the left shoulder, "and don't you know I think it's only fair to those Salvationists to let them see someone in their meetings who belongs to the upper circle."

Presumably the niece acquiesced, for 6.15 saw both sealskin and satellite laying siege to the side entrance of the Massey. Greatly to their surprise they found themselves the unwilling centres of a surging crowd, who treated sealskin as if it were any bargain-day imitation. Everyone around was intent upon the one object of making the door by the quickest route, and good-humoredly both took and gave a degree of shoving to get there.

Not so our lady of the seals. With majesty she sought to transfix the eye of a frieze overcoat which was rubbing her downy sleeve the wrong way—but her pince-nez was pushed awry in the crush, and the glance that would have slain missed fire. At last the door was reached, and a courteous officer in regimentals confronted. "Tickets, please!" Here was a new dilemma.

"What is the charge of admission?" But the appearance of a sealskin purse was no bait here.

"Sorry, lady; nothing but tickets bought beforehand taken here. You'll have to go round to the front door and take your chance with the crowd."

A gasp, a swaying, the sealskin was sadly ruffled in a vain endeavor to maintain a place on the steps. The writer took pity on the agitated furs and put out a hand to bring them back and in, but already undignified haste was tucking her grandeurs tighter around her, and the last we saw of them they were making off to "take their chance with the crowd."

We hope they reached the wider entrance in time before the heavy portals swung on their hinges and the resonant voice, "Sorry, ladies and gentlemen, full up," sounded the knell to the hopes of a disappointed crowd.

"Packed from floor to ceiling," was the paper's verdict, and it was literally true. The majestic building had not one vacant seat, and

around the doors there clustered standing reminders of those who were left disappointed upon the steps when the doors swung to. Who were they? A representative and widely-diversified throng. As always in the Commissioner's audiences a large proportion of thoughtful heads and cultured brows—as always in the Commissioner's audiences a large proportion of troubled faces and hungry eyes. Prominent citizens in the boxes, names of honor whispered in the dress circle, but in such gatherings units, however important, fill a quiet place. Alike in their interest in the speaker, alike in the conscience to which she appeals, alike in the emotions upon which the revelations of the moment play—for two hours of time the Salvation Army has made all one, and they are ours to deal with impartially upon immortal issues.

A Surprise.

The opening was inspiring and wanting in the same breath. Dainty song-sheets fluttered in the hands of the crowd, and "Thou Shepherd of Israel, and Mine" was lifted with full voice to the accompaniment of an excellent band and pealing organ. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire's prayer was deep with the tide of faith and the undercurrent of passionate desire with which he lifted the needs of the crowd and the sacred opportunities of the hour. The platform, wreathed in waving palms, gleaming with shining instruments, and all aglow with the radiance of Salvationists' happy faces, was a cheerful sight. But there was one vacant chair—and it was the central one. Expectancy and disappointment fought for supremacy.

Then the conductor again swept the band into a burst of melody, and with the second strain of "Saviour, lead me, lest I stray," a thrill went through the hall, and the audience caught its breath, as a little figure in a shepherd's dress, with a shepherd's crook, appeared at the eastern door. He was the forerunner of a procession, small, but significant. Two little ones in cloaks of vivid red preceded and two more, slightly taller, followed, and the central figure was that of our own and beloved Commissioner. The flowing Eastern garments which she wore, the staff she bore, and the tender lamb she carried in her bosom, could not disguise an identity so dear to the public of Toronto, and an unmistakable storm of applause made the roof ring. Yet the joyous welcome overlaid the stirrings of many emotions.

"Why do you weep?" asked one lady of her friend, in a suspiciously-broken whisper.

"I don't know why, unless it is the little lamb nestling in her arm, and the innocent faces of those children; and, oh, I wish—I wish my boy were not so far away from the Good Shepherd's care."

So that, for many, the lesson of the meeting started long before one word was spoken, and all that followed deepened rather than created the impressions of everlasting import.

"Two little destitute lambs, round whom the love of the Good Shepherd has put the love and care of the Commissioner," was a gentleman's description of Willie and Pearl, who saw them then for the first time. The two quaint figures holding bravely onto their crooks, singing the assurance "I know He never will leave me," made a touching and appealing little picture.

Two Loves.

With her inherent partiality for teaching the justice of God by reminding of His mercy, the Commissioner wound her address around a tender and appealing ideal of the Shepherd of the world. Love in the Shepherd's arms, love in the Shepherd's face, love in the Shepherd's search, love in the Shepherd's care, love even in the Shepherd's crook

—this was her theme. A beautiful and inclusive one, and wrapt in choice language, enriched in apt illustration, there was not a mind which did not receive a clearer impression of David's wonderful conception of our Heavenly Guide; not a spirit but what the knowledge of His comforting, sustaining presence became a brighter and more precious reality, or the sense of loneliness and loss because His absence from the heart impressed its desolation.

"Astray upon the mountains of pride, of transgression, of wayward will and God-forgotten life, lost sheep of your Father's house, the Good Shepherd is looking for you."

"Looking for me?" echoes a prodigal heart hidden among the crowd in the top gallery.

"Troubled with the business, bereaved in the home, bewildered in your life, anxious in your heart, oh, harks! sliding sheep, do you not know that the sorrow is the Shepherd's crook seeking to bring you back?"

"Seeking to bring me back?" goes on the echo, this time beating out its answer beneath an irrefragable coat in the dress circle.

So the truth speeds home, so the Spirit fans the flame the words of inspiration have lit. No wonder the time passes as on wings. We are sitting with the flock around the Shepherd's feet, and the lessons of His ineffable sacrifice and deathless love make mellow our hearts and tender our feelings, while the world of longing in the filling eyes of lost sheep betray them all over the hall. From an oratorical standpoint the address was a masterpiece, replete with delicate imagery and unique thought; but it is not as such that we could bring ourselves to regard it—nor would the speaker wish us to do so—rather that her lips were used as the clarion of the Good Shepherd's call, and that the note was a clear and true one.

"Lead Thou Me On."

Newman's inspired lines swung out on the tide of hallowed feeling. With exquisite pathos the Male Quartet voiced the pent-up feelings of the crowd.

"So long Thy love hath led me, sure it still," thundered the bass in faith's diapason, and then the tenor in hope's clear, high note took up the strain and told of "angel faces loved long since and lost awhile." Rich harmonies vibrated through the lines, but it was the cadence of a deeper tone which made one listener clasp his hands afterwards and say, "I've heard the best singing the world ever produced, but never yet have I been thrilled as by this. What is it about your singers? They seem to get hold of one's heart-strings."

The speaker had never been to an Army meeting before, and went away saying under his breath, "These people live among the eternities!"

Sixty and Six.

Over sixty he was, and feeble; but the spark of a new life burned in the dim eye, and the power of a new strength took hold of the trembling hand as he rose to his feet, saying, "I've only life's evening left, but the Good Shepherd shall lead me through it."

Scarcely six, and tiny and pale for her years, yet a firm determination shone in the tear-stained little face and a new-found joy brought all the dimples into view with the whispered words, "Jesus has made me one of His little lambs, and I mean to keep very close to His side."

Between the old man and the little child there ranged sixteen others. And for these men and women the meeting will be eternally memorable, for at the improvised penitent form round the stage they had found the Shepherd of their souls.—A. L. P.

Eastern Province News.

CONGRESS STRING BAND.

At Sackville on Saturday and Sunday we had a good time. The people had looked forward to our visit for some time, and were much pleased with everything that was done. The Saturday night's musical meeting was a decided success. The beautiful singing and music was enjoyed, if we can judge from the applause given each performer. The original Riley, Irish musician, tickled the people with his tin can solo.

The Sunday's meetings were times of real blessing. Furnished with abundance of music and song, and attended by the power of God, we know much good was accomplished. Ensign Martin and Lieut. Selig sang very effectively that beautiful song, "Wash my sins away," which went home to the hearts of the listeners.

Proceeding to Moncton, we saw on every hand bill-boards, etc., announcing our coming. Ensign Carter cannot be excelled in announcing a special go. Our meetings were held in the large and spacious Opera House, engaged for the occasion. The selections by the band were all of the best, and the people were much pleased with them, also the different duets, quartets, and trios, both instrumental and vocal. We were again led on by Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, but general favorites with the Moncton people. Adjt. Jennings favored us with a concertina solo, and the quartet "More than conquerors," was a pronounced success. A quartet of murdered violin, guitar, and autoharp, was one of the chief delights of the audience, as was also the famous biscuit can solo. Ensign Martin and Lieut. Selig sang, "A Wonderful Saviour," which was much enjoyed. Mrs. Sharp gave a beautiful address, full of feeling, power, and interest, which shall live in the hearts of all.

Leaving Moncton we have a long journey north, and reached Campbellton at last, where we had a never-to-be-forgotten time. The enthusiasm was intense, and the hall was jammed both nights; \$56 for two nights was our income.

We arrived at Newcastle all right, and gave a program on Friday night, proceeding to Chatham for the Sunday. We drove over the ice to this place, and were a little nervous, but reached here safely. As we drove to the door of the quarters we were all hurried out of the rig sooner than we expected, for the sleigh upset and we were landed on the sidewalk. We had a beautiful time here. The holiness meeting on Sunday morning was a blessed time to all, and one soul knelt at the altar for sanctification. The afternoon and night meetings were beyond our expectations. Colonel and Mrs. Sharp did beautifully, and if ever any band was proud of a leader we were of Mrs. Sharp, who has led us on to many great achievements. At the close of the night meeting five souls were seeking pardon at Jesus' feet. To God be all the glory.

Our return visit to Newcastle was a success. While we were driving again over the ice, in the twinkling of an eye we found ourselves upset on the ice, ten in number, with tin cans, guitars, etc. Mrs. Sharp and Lieut. Selig were slightly hurt, but the rest were none the worse. We were able to get back to the quarters, and the good time we had at night repaid us for any inconvenience. The Newcastle people enjoyed the meetings. The guitar duet by Capt. Riley and Ogilvie, was much enjoyed, and as they played "Home sweet home," we almost imagined we were nearing the heavenly portals. The program was much enjoyed throughout, and in saying good-bye to this place we praise God for the success which has been ours.—S. E. Crossman.

THE MUSICAL BRIGADE.

Leaving Woodstock we arrived at Houlton, where we received a welcome from the officers and soldiers. On Saturday night the weather was all that could be desired. A large crowd attended at the open-air stand, and the meeting was one of the old-fashioned Army open-air. The hall was crowded, and the people were highly delighted with the program. The sweet singing by Lieut. Daise and Cadet Atkinson was much appreciated, and the comic duet by Capt. Upthorpe and Ritchie brought down the house.

On Sunday the day's light began at 7 a.m., with a goodly number, to receive power for the day's light. At 10:30 a.m. our battalions marched to the open-air stand, where a short meeting was conducted. The result of the holiness meeting was that many of God's people consecrated themselves to His service. The night meeting was one of power, and deep conviction settled down upon the unconverted. Staff-Capt. McLean delivered an able address, and as the truths fell from his lips they had the telling effect. Our hearts were made glad over seeing five precious souls captured for God.

Monday, being a holiday, we held an afternoon meeting, and at the close one soul stepped from darkness into light.

Monday night's service was the best of all, the income being \$55.

From Houlton we proceeded to St. Stephen, where we found that the meetings had been well announced by the officers. Tuesday night's program satisfied the people in every way. Wednesday's service was well attended and the music much appreciated.

Our next stop was Calais, where things were in good shape for our meetings on Thursday and Friday, which were a success. The energetic officers, Capt. Hamilton and Lieut. Walters, deserve credit for the way they pushed the meetings.

At Eastport we spent the week-end. On Saturday night as we formed in a ring at the open-air stand a crowd gathered, the street being blocked. After announcing our meeting well we proceeded to the hall, to find it crowded. The people were more than pleased with the music.

On Sunday God's power was mightily felt. In the holiness meeting about thirty consecrated themselves to God. At night the meeting was of a special character, and we had the joy of seeing ten precious souls seek God. The income for the week-end was over \$44, which was excellent.—One.

Five Sought the Saviour.

Amherst, N.S.—The work is advancing in Amherst. Five souls came forward and sought the Saviour. Recently, and the attendance is steadily increasing. The soldiers are in good spirits, and we expect a great break in the enemy's ranks before long, and

also believe we will smash our target for S.D.—Ensign Collin Campbell.

Dick's Fairy.

Bridgewater.—The visit of I-veign Leadley on Thursday night was a success. The holiness service, entitled "Dick's Fairy," was very good indeed, and the audience was interested and delighted. A very good crowd was present, considering there was an excursion on the same night.—Reporter.

Pleasant and Profitable.

Charlottetown.—"The Availing Rock of Ages" was well given on Friday night, Ensign Laws taking a leading part, assisted by the Treasurer, Capt. Cowan, Sisters Jennie Lyons, Lena McAlhoun, and Bertha White. Everyone was pleased and profited. Sister Harvie is back home after a three weeks' rest. Mrs. Clark is slowly recovering, and Mrs. Gibbs is better after a serious illness. The meetings are impressive and there is considerable conviction. One soul out to-night. We are praying for a break. Easter War Cry highly spoken of.—H.

A Revival.

Eastport.—The International Musical Brigade has paid us a visit, and we had a glorious time. On Saturday ten souls knelt at the foot of the cross, and twelve others raised their hand for prayers. The meetings were of great interest, the hall was crowded, and we had good music and singing. God is still working here. On Thursday night another soul plunged in the fountain.—Henry Spray.



Adj. Snow, Galt, Ont.

West
Ontario
News.

Victory!

Strathroy.—We are about to part with our much-loved officers, Capt. and Mrs. Rook, who proceed to Wallaceburg. Although many found the severe winter hard, yet by united effort in God's strength, victory has been achieved over debt. The farewell tea was quite successful, although a threatening storm affected the musical part some, but not the vocal, or "The Train To-Morrow," a dialogue.—A. Haldane.

Central Ontario.

EASTER SPECIALS AT AURORA.

We were full of faith and expectation for a good time, and were not disappointed. Saturday night, as we marched down Yonge Street to our open-air stand, people rushed to their doors and windows to get look at the soldiers. The march was Cadet Woodhouse, dressed as in days gone by, when the war was raging in South Africa. Next came the colors and Master Cecil Attwell with his little Union Jack flag, trying to keep step with the color-bearer, and he did very well, too. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Attwell, with the officers and soldiers, followed, and by the time we reached our open-air stand a splendid crowd had gathered. There was also a large congregation indoors, who listened attentively while the Cadet spoke and showed all the different things he had brought from South Africa.

Sunday we started with a beautiful knee-drill, led by Mrs. Attwell. God came near, and blessed our souls. At the holiness meeting we again felt it was good for us to be there. In the afternoon the Cadet sang his wonderful plantation song, entitled, "I've caught the Army fever," and by the way he talked to us for about one hour about his experience and fighting on the veldt, we were led to believe he really had the Army fever. One gentleman said he could have listened for hours.

At night we were again led on by Mrs. Attwell and the Cadet. We had a good time. Mrs. Attwell's Bible reading was enjoyed by all, and our hearts were stirred as she explained how the dear Lord was crucified and laid in a tomb, and we were filled with gratitude when we realized He was risen. Many felt their need of Him, although no one yielded.

Monday night we had Staff-Capt. Attwell and Capt. Stolkler with us. A good crowd turned out to listen to the Captain's address on India, which was very much appreciated, and we all join in saying, "Come again."—Spyer.

PROVINCIAL REVIVALISTS.

We arrived at Collingwood at 4:15 p.m., after a twenty-mile drive to Faversham. The beaming faces of Adj. Boggs and Lieut. Brass gave us a hearty welcome and assured us of their co-operation during our stay. We were sorry to learn that they were under farewell orders.

Our first march and open-air seemed to arouse the little town of Collingwood, and when we returned to the barracks we found it filled with people. On Thursday night the first break came, when one dear sister sought forgiveness. Friday night two others followed, but who can describe that first Sunday night meeting? About half an hour before the service commenced, the hall was filled, and still they

kept coming until every available space was occupied and a number standing. Some were sitting on pieces of wood, and one poor man who seemed so eager to hear found his way to the corner and sat in the wood-box, where he remained unnoticed until the last "Amen" was said. A number were turned away, and as far as we could see in front of the barracks stood a crowd of people looking through the large windows to catch a glimpse of the meeting inside. What rejoiced our hearts most was at the close of Capt. Cornish's Bible talk four precious souls kneeling at the mercy seat for pardon, and fourteen others expressed their desire to live a better life. Hallelujah!

On Monday night two other precious souls laid their burdens at the cross and arose with the assurance of sins forgiven. Wednesday night the hall was again gorged with people, to say good-bye to the Adjutant and Lieutenant, and many testified to the fact that during their stay in Collingwood they both had been a great help and blessing.

Scarcely had we said farewell when the new officers, Capt. Andrews and Lieut. Pease, arrived on this scene, and again the hall was filled to welcome them. Many soldiers and friends assured them of their co-operation during their stay at Collingwood.

Our week-end meetings seemed to break the record. The building was gorged, and the people were turned away unable to find room to even stand. The people listened with rapt attention to God's Word, delivered by Capt. Cornish, who seemed to forget himself entirely in his zeal for God and souls. The visible results of our week-end meetings were three precious souls in the fountain, and Christians and soldiers were blessed and encouraged to go on. We praise God for thirteen souls during our stay at Collingwood.

Monday night's meeting was a grand success. The hall was again filled, and the music, singing, recitations, and speeches were enjoyed by all. The people of Collingwood were unanimous in saying, "Come again soon."

We leave at 10 p.m. for Meaford, where we are believing for greater things.—Zouave.

MAJOR AND MRS. HOWELL AT LIPPINCOTT.

On Easter Sunday we were favored with a visit from Major and Mrs. Howell. The day began well with twenty-three a knee-drill, which was a real feast to our souls. The holiness meeting was one of conviction and power, and three sought the blessing of sanctification. Mrs. Howell's words went to every heart in the afternoon, and the meeting closed with the wanderer finding peace. The salvation meeting at night began well, and the Major's address from the words, "What think ye of Christ?" was instructive and convincing. Through the united effort of officers and soldiers a good battle was fought, which resulted in two more captives. A warm welcome awaits Major and Mrs. Howell at their earliest convenience to again visit Lippincott.—F. Howell, Ensign.

A Good Start.

Barrie.—We arrived here on March 24th. Quite a number of soldiers were at the station to welcome us to their town. We believe God is going to bless us. Our first Sunday's meetings were times of power and blessing. The hall was well filled on Sunday night, and the people listened very attentively to the Ensign's lesson on "God's Love" which was backed home by the power of God to the hearts of the unsaved. The finances for the day were away above the average.—J. Dauberville, Capt.

Children Dedicated.

Gravenhurst.—Mrs. Staff-Capt. McAmmond spent the week-end with us. We had good meetings. God came wonderfully near and blessed us, and an eight one soul cried to God for mercy. Many more were deeply convicted, but would not yield. On Monday night we had a pork and bean social, which proved an enormous success. In addition to this the Sergeant Major and his wife had their two oldest children dedicated to God. Since last report three precious souls have sought the Saviour.—Prairie Rose.

Nine Months' Fighting.

Orangeville.—After nine months' successful fighting at Orangeville, we had to say good-bye to our soldiers and friends. Our stay there was very happy and we believe the Lord blessed the work. We had the joy of leading ten souls to Christ for salvation, and two for sanctification. March 23rd being our final farewell, some of the kind Methodist friends came to our aid, and helped us with music, solos and duets. The Rev. Mr. Hassard took the chair, and three other reverend gentlemen cheered us with their presence. We pray God's richest blessing on our Orangeville comrades.—Lieut. Maud Pease.

Three Surrendered.

Owen Sound.—Glorious week-end campaign conducted by the J. S. Secretary, Adj. Sims. All the meetings were well attended, and large crowds gathered in the open-air. The "Flag Signals" were very interesting and instructive. The Adjutant's talk forcible, and the Holy Ghost sent the message to the hearts of the people. Three souls surrendered, and six more raised their hands for prayer. Our faith is high for Brigadier Pickering's visit.—"Kruger."

Lieutenant's Farewell.

Sturgeon Falls.—Wednesday evening, March 23rd, a large audience gathered in Cockburn's Hall on the occasion of the farewell of Lieut. Sheppard, who is transferred to the Michigan Soo corps. The Lieutenant won many friends at this place, and with Capt. Crocker accomplished much good. The program was enjoyed by all present and consisted of musical selections and tableaux.

A Yankee Welcome.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—The long-expected has arrived, in the person of Lieut. Sheppard. The people gave her a genuine "Yankee" welcome to the American Soo, and she is beginning already to win her way into their hearts. Sunday night standing-room was at a premium. One backed her return to the fold. Our meetings through the week have been exceedingly good. The weather is beginning to moderate and we can hold open-air meetings again.—W. H. Thompson.

East Ontario and Quebec.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SOUTHALL AT PETERBORO.

Our Easter meetings were conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Southall. On Good Friday the band gave a splendid musical festival, which was appreciated by a good crowd of people. Saturday was a welcome meeting to Brigadier and Mrs. Southall, and Sunday opened up with a resurrection knee-drill, everyone present being filled with power for the day's fight. We had good marches and open-air all day. The holiness meeting was a time of real blessing. In the afternoon Mrs. Southall spoke to a large audience on the Women's Social Work, and everyone was intensely interested as she recited pathetic instances and gave practical illustrations of the way in which the work was carried on. Sunday night's service was a special one. Lieut. Brown bade farewell to us in a few words. We were loath to part with her, as in the short time she has been with us she has become endeared to us all. May God go with her and bless her. The Brigadier's subject was "The Roll Call," which was dealt with in a very forcible and masterly manner. No thoughtful person could listen to such a discourse without feeling the necessity of getting ready for the great roll call. One soul wept out her sorrow for sin at the mercy seat. On Monday night the members of the League of Mercy received their commissions from the hand of Mrs. Southall. Previous to this meeting the League members had a tea together, at which Brigadier and Mrs. Southall were special guests. Mrs. Southall spoke very effectively on the League of Mercy work, and we all have profited by their visit to us this Easter.—War Cor.

HARMONIC REVIVALISTS.

When the Harmonies arrived at Picton they found Ensign and Mrs. Crego and comrades full of faith for a mighty revival. Picton is a beautiful town, and the people are very friendly to the Army. The welcome meeting was well attended, the building being filled. Every soldier was at his post, and the way each one worked was a great inspiration to us all. The prayer meeting was a little hard, but our we closed seven precious souls came out to the mercy seat. Praise God! It was easily seen people were delighted with the troupe. In almost every meeting souls were being saved. We were again urged upon to conduct special afternoon services, and it was surprising to see the large crowds which attended the same. Special announcements were announced and people thronged to the gatherings. There were some beautiful cases of conversion. Bucksliders, who had lived a life of misery and sorrow, returned to God; sinners, who had spent their lives in rebellion against God, were seen traveling at the mercy seat, weeping and crying to Him for pardon; husband and wife were kneeling side by side; old men, who were nearing the grave, came forward, and children, whose consciences were yet tender, were also heard asking Jesus for forgiveness. It was a scene that delighted the hearts of many. Ensign Owen gave an interesting address in each service. The barracks was crowded to the doors every night, and nearly all rose to their feet desiring to live better lives.

The Harmonies rendered a musical program the last night of their campaign, which was a great success. During their visit to Picton, ninety souls knelt humbly at the Army penitent form. One comrade, who has been saved twenty-one years, said he never saw so many converted in such a short time before. Five thousand five hundred and fifty attended the services in thirteen days. We believe the revival has only commenced, and great things are expected from Picton corps in the near future.—Silvis.

WEDDING AT CAMPBELLFORD.

On March 10th we were highly favored, with a visit from Brigadier Turner, of Montreal, accompanied by Scotch Jean, the little songster from Peterboro. The Brigadier conducted a special meeting on Saturday night, speaking on "Light from Three Streams," and also conducted three meetings on Sunday. At 8 p.m. the barracks was crowded

to the doors, eager to hear the beautiful little singer, Jean, and also the Brigadier, who spoke on the subject, "How We Spend our Years."

Monday night was an interesting time. Our worthy officer, Ensign John McDonald, was united in holy matrimony to Lieut. Victoria Smith, of Toronto. This being our first Hallelujah Wedding in Campbellford, it created no little excitement. Our barracks being small, the Music Hall was secured for the occasion, and before eight o'clock every seat was taken, about five hundred being present. Soon after eight o'clock, the bridal party, accompanied by Brigadier Turner, came on the platform, which was a signal for an outburst of hand-clapping. After the first song, prayer, and a few words from the Brigadier, Lieut. Jean, dressed in white, stepped to the front of the platform and sang two beautiful solos, which were very much appreciated by the audience, who called her back the third time. Jean is always a welcome little visitor to Campbellford. The Brigadier came on to the platform, which was again testified to God's saving and keeping power, and spoke of the faithfulness of the Ensign since inhering here. Lieut. Sater also had a few words. Capt. Gates, of Port Hope, and Lieut. Thornton, of Cobourg, who supported the bride and groom respectively, spoke very highly of them, and wished them every happiness in their future life.

The Brigadier then read the Articles of Marriage, and the contracting parties were asked to stand forward if willing to be united under these conditions. They stepped forward without hesitation. The knot was tied and God's blessing was asked upon the union. The bride then spoke a few words, and said that in all the important steps of her life she had prayed for divine guidance, and wanted to feel she was pleasing the Master. The Ensign looked very happy and mentioned his determination to be faithful and put the Kingdom of God first.

At the close all adjourned to the large basement of the Music Hall to partake of a beautiful wedding supper, which had been provided by the soldiers and friends. Although there were four long tables, only about one half could be accommodated at the first sitting. The banquet room was beautifully decorated with evergreens and floral designs. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Campbellford soldiers and friends join in wishing Ensign and Mrs. McDonald God's richest blessing during their journey in life.—H.

A Flying Visit.

Corwall.—Brigadier Turner and the new Cashier paid us a flying visit on Friday night. Sunday's meetings were times of blessing to our souls. Praise God! Sunday afternoon there was a dedication service, when Brother and Sister Gallinger gave their little ones to God and the Army. The night meeting was powerful and there was deep conviction.—S.-M. Kirkwood.

Tears of Penitence.

Ottawa.—Mrs. Ensign Thompson has paid a special visit to Picton, remaining over Sunday. In the interests of the Kingdom, Ensign Thompson, with local assistance, held the fort here. We had a grand spiritual feast all day, and two souls were captured for God. One of these related a touching story of how God had dealt with him the previous evening concerning his life of sin and shame. He told how unfaithful he had been to his wife and little ones across the sea, spending all his money in drink. Those thoughts were brought to his memory by the Ensign's little song, Clifford lovingly putting his arms around his father's neck as he whispered in his ear. With tears streaming down his face, he said God had met with him on his way to the mercy seat, and the past had been blotted out. The other convert, during the following week, brought a Bible, and is serving God earnestly. We are sorry to say that Ensign Thompson has been laid aside by illness. Mrs. Thompson has nobly led the meetings. On Sunday Ensign was able to be with us for a little while, and spoke from God's Word. Bandman Oliver took charge of the prayer meeting, and one soul came to God and found peace. On Monday evening there was a musical festival and social. Songs and selections from the brass band formed a good program, and cake, tea, and coffee were served at the close.—Sec. French.

Special Officers.

Prescott.—On Monday we had a visit from Brigadier Turner and Adj. Habkirk, also the officers from Ogdenburg and Capt. Barrett. Our barracks was filled, God's presence was felt, and conviction



Mrs. Tom and Baby, Douglas, Alaska.

was stamped on the faces of the people.—Mrs. Utman.

Staff-Capt. Moore's Visit.

Sherbrooke.—Staff-Capt. Moore led the meetings at Sherbrooke on Easter Sunday. At night we had a good crowd in the open-air. The people gave the Staff-Captain a good hearing, and he held their attention for nearly half an hour. The result was a good meeting inside. There was deep conviction and the people stayed to the finish. On Monday morning the Staff-Captain and the writer set out for Newport, where we landed about 12:30. The Army hall at West Derby seems to be out of the way, being about a mile from the town of Newport, but in spite of this there was a nice crowd of people and a good meeting, with five souls out for salvation. Capt. Cook and Lieut. Nelson are doing a good work at this place. The people both at Sherbrooke and Newport invite the Staff-Captain to come again, and bring Mrs. Moore with him.—Ensign Slater.

Seven Cry for Mercy.

Tweed.—We have just had a visit from our worthy D. O. Adj. Newman. On Wednesday night we had an enrolment, when four dear comrades took their stand for God under the flag, and we finished up with two souls at the mercy seat. The Adjutant also conducted a holiness meeting on Thursday night, which was a time of great power and blessing. The Lord has been with us, and during the past week we have had the joy of seeing seven souls cry to God for mercy. To Him be all the glory. We are believing for a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit.—S. Soward, for Capt. Gibson.

Pacific Coast News.

Twelve Seek Forgiveness.

Bellingham, Wash.—Sunday morning two men sought Christ. In the afternoon we had with us Sister Rhodes, the colored evangelist. She read from Luke xviii, and made a strong appeal to the unconverted. The Lord was with us at night in power. Capt. Houston led the testimony meeting, and Sister Rhodes again read from the Word. Two souls sought Christ, making a total of ten for the day—six juniors and four seniors. We are glad to welcome to our corps Brother and Sister Gooding, from Tacoma. They are real blood-and-fire soldiers. God bless them. We have had twelve souls since last report.—Dixie 1.

Successful Open-Airs.

Revelstoke, B.C.—Our officers, Captain and Mrs. Baynton, have been the means in God's hands of leading us to higher heights and deeper depths of



Soldiers of Klawack, Ala.



Bro. John Darrach and Wife. Sergt. Skan and Wife. Klawack, Alaska.

THE WAR CRY.

divine love. Our open-air engagements with the enemy have been very successful, and our inside meetings on the whole are better than they ever. On Thursday night we held a very successful cake and coffee social. We had a short program consisting of vocal and instrumental music. In spite of bad weather and counter attractions, our barracks was well filled. Some of those present had never entered the barracks before. Sunday we had good meetings all day and God was with us in power. The night meeting was a soul-stirring time and signs of conviction were visible on the faces of those present.—C. W. McGee, War Correspondent.

Eighteen for Salvation.

Spokane.—Glorious victories still continue to cheer our hearts. During the past ten days eighteen souls have knelt at the penitent form and claimed salvation. Four of this number came forward at the Sunday afternoon service, and three at the close of the evening service. Quite a number of the new converts have testified that they were first convicted through the testimonies of the comrades in the open-air meetings. A few nights ago a young woman, who had led a depraved life for over seven years, came to the meeting, and when the invitation was given came forward and presented herself at the feet of a forgiving Christ and found pardon. In testifying afterwards she said, "I listened to your band playing, and comrades singing. 'There's mercy still for thee,' as they marched past the place where I had led a life of shame, and I sat wondering if there was 'mercy still for me.' I felt there was, and concluded by God's help to lead a pure life." Hallelujah!—O. J. Joe.

Newfoundland News.

Rejoicing Over One Soul.

Comfort Cove.—A number of brothers have been away all winter, and many of our dear sisters have been very sick, therefore our crowds have been small, but we are rejoicing over souls. The soldiers have been working hard at the barracks. Sunday was a blessed day, from 7 a.m. till late at night, and we had the joy of seeing one precious soul coming to God.—K. Diamond, Lieut.

Two Enrolled.

Selly Cove.—On Thursday night we had a joyful time. Two comrades took their stand beneath the flag and promised to be true to God and the Army. We are still praying for souls. We believe that Capt. Ridout and Lieut. Hillier have been a blessing to this place. May God bless them and crown their future labors with success.—Somebody.

Keep the Flag Flying.

South-West Arm.—Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. From early morning the presence of God was with us. At night we had a good crowd, the meeting went with a swing, conviction was stamped on many faces, and three backsliders made their way to the cross. We mean to keep the flag flying.—One of the Crew.

Drunkard's Home.

St. John's L.—A very special service has been held at the S. A. Citadel entitled, "Four Scenes in the Life of a Drunkard." It had been some years since the last Drunkard's Home meeting had taken place, and seeing that many have been making for a repetition, it was decided to have it repeated on St. Patrick's Day. Over seven hundred people were present and the income totaled \$18.00. We are pleased to say that it was a success in every way, and those who took part did very creditably. Suitable singing had been arranged, and this great object-lesson brought tears to many eyes. Especially was the closing scene impressive, and we went away with a greater yearning than ever to see the poor drunkard's novel changed into a home where the family altar is erected, and where "Christ is the head of the house."—Cick.

Cottage Meetings.

Whitbourne.—The glorious work is going on at this outpost. "Victory or Death" is our motto. God is still saving souls, and we are praying and believing for many more. We are holding cottage meetings, which we believe will be productive of much good.—W. Gosse.

The North-West.

MAJOR AND MRS. PHILLIPS' FAREWELL.

Major and Mrs. Phillips conducted farewell services on Sunday last at the Winnipeg Citadel, which proved a great blessing to many. Great interest was manifested in these meetings. At the holiness meeting in the morning many were made to feel their need of sanctification, and one sister sought to be freed from inbred sin. In the afternoon a splendid crowd gathered, the auditorium being filled, and the finances were above the average all day. Major and Mrs. Burditt aided in the meeting. The Citadel was filled and great numbers turned away. Representative speakers were called upon for short farewell addresses. Band-Sergt. Halford, in behalf of the band; J. S. M. Herlihy for the Junior Eusebius Mercer represented the G. B. M.; Staff-Capt. Kerr, the Rescue Officers, and Adj. Alward the Corps and District. Each spoke of the farewelling Chancellors work and sterling qualities, and expressed real regret at their departure. Major and Mrs. Burditt spoke in the highest terms of the Major and his wife, showing that their relationship behind the scenes had always been of the most cordial description, and he had found the Chancellor to be a source of strength and help to him in the administration of affairs in the Province. Mrs. Phillips in a few words told the feelings and desires of her heart and her longing to see sinners seek a pardoning God. The Chancellor thanked the different speakers and the people of Winnipeg for their kindness, bespeaking for his successor the same.

On Monday evening the officers of the city met at the quarters for a farewell tea and to address a few last words of counsel to the Major and Mrs. Phillips, all wishing God's richest blessing on them in their new appointment, and praying that their stay in St. John would be as productive of good as it had been in the North-West. The Major, in speaking of their

farewell orders, said he took his appointment as from God, and his consecration was complete. After singing that old chorus, "It be true, Lord, to Thee," the meeting concluded with Adj. Alward and Major Burditt praying God to go with the Chancellor and his wife, every officer resolving again in their heart to do the will of God.—Lieut. Henderson.

In the Lumber Camps.

Dauphin.—Conviction is stamped on many faces, for which we praise God. We are looking forward to greater victories in the near future. The writer has just returned from a trip through the lumber camps of Saskatchewan Territory, holding meetings in each camp, which proved to be a great blessing, and appreciated by many. Requests for prayers were numerous, and the financial part was not behind. The camps are situated about 150 miles from church or post office, and some fifty miles from the railroad.—Lieut. Gardiner.

Blessed and Helped.

Jimmestown.—Rev. Mr. Rumsey, of the Free Methodist Church, accepted an invitation from our officers to speak to us on Friday evening. The weather was cold and stormy, but a number came to hear him. All enjoyed the sermon very much, and were blessed and helped. No one was saved at the meeting, but God's convicting Spirit was present. Open-air meetings have been few of late, on account of the weather, but we believe we shall soon be able to preach Christ on the street corner again.—Corps Correspondent C. M.

Welcome Home.

Medicine Hat.—Last Wednesday night we held a musical bazaar and welcome home social to Mrs. Capt. Taylor, who was a success in every way. Mr. D. Pettit's selection on the guitar and mouth-organ was good, and that of Capt. Stokes on the "piano" was very amusing. The table was presided over by Miss Pettit. Bro. Slevan has returned to us and Capt. Stokes has farewelled. We pray that he may be a blessing wherever he goes. Winter is breaking up, and we are believing to see many souls saved. I am sorry to say our officer, Mrs. Capt. Taylor, is sick. We pray that she may soon be with us again.—Mayflower.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

CALLED TO HIS REWARD.

Pile's Island, Nfld.—This place has recently been the scene of a very sad accident. Robert Gray, a godly young man, who has been an active soldier here for some time, was missing from his accustomed place on the platform on Jan. 17th, and though diligent search was made for several days, no trace has ever been found of him since. Deep sorrow seized every heart when the facts became known. Our comrade left a friend's home, where he had been to tea, and proposed coming over the ice to the barracks in order to be in for the meeting at 7 p.m. All indications seem to show that the chariot lowered for him from the cold, icy river bed, where his body now lies.

Of one fact we are certain, that his spirit is with Him whom I served so faithfully down here.

At the memorial service eleven precious souls went their way to Jesus. Deep feeling pervaded the entire audience, very praise be to God. The crowd to its utmost capacity. When his brother, who came to Christ about the time he was called to his reward, told of the great influence his godly life had on him, and spoke of his poor father who had only received a telegram of his son's death, deep sobs were heard all over the building. When the invitation was given there was a rush to the penitent form. We believe while down here, and will speak in this corps for many days.—E. Harding.

WITH THE BLOOD-WASHED THROG.

Glouce Bay.—Death has visited our corps and taken from our midst our comrade, Mrs. Payne, to join the blood-washed throng. For years she fought in the ranks as a faithful soldier, always ready with testimony and prayer to warn sinners. She leaves a husband and three children to mourn her loss.

We gave her a real Army funeral. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, our Provincial Officer, officiated at the house, and ministers from the Methodist and Baptist Churches spoke very encouragingly of the life and death of our departed sister. We then conveyed her remains to the cemetery. The Treasurer and Sergt.-Major spoke of the devoted life of our sister, also Eusebius McElheney, who had visited her through her illness. The Colonel, after reading the burial service, brought the people face to face with death, urging everyone to prepare to meet God.—A Soldier.

A FAITHFUL SOLDIER.

Kinmount.—On Wednesday, March 16th, at 10 p.m., Father Cameron was promoted to Glory, after a short illness. Father Cameron was saved in a Salvation Army meeting on his sixtieth birthday, March 4th, 1885, and shortly after enlisted as a soldier, being, I think, one of the first soldiers of the Kinmount corps. Of late years he has filled the position of Treasurer.

During our departed brother's eighteen years' experience as a Salvationist, he has met with many different experiences, but he was always bright and cheerful, continually praising God for His saving and keeping grace, and while many others have failed, he, through constant faith and hope in God, fought the battle through to the end, and now has gone to receive his reward.

On Friday afternoon, March 16th, a large crowd

gathered at the home of the deceased for the funeral service, which was conducted by Capt. Qualife. We marched from thence to the cemetery.

On Sunday night, at the memorial service, the barracks was packed, and the different comrades made reference to Father Cameron's faithful life. Many hearts were touched, and we pray that God may help them to decide for Him before it is too late.

Father Cameron was a faithful soldier, and always at his post, if possible. We thank him, but our loss is his gain. Our prayer is that God's comforting and sustaining grace may rest and abide with those who mourn the loss of a loved one.—C. L. N.

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Canadian Cuttings.

The prisoner known as "Texas" broke out of London jail, where awaiting trial for burglary, and though closely pursued.

Two young men, Robert Glad and Richard Sharpe, fell off a staircase at Sound Town Hall while scuffling. A skull was fractured, and he may die.

In a rock slide near Revelstoke were killed. A C.P.R. engine and were turned over, and fireman and killed. The engineer escaped through window.

J. B. Drolet was knocked down in contest at Quebec, and died next morning.

Five young Chinese students at Vancouver sailing, and are supposed to be breaking ice swept away the bridge at a cost of \$21,000, which spanned the River, near Belleville.

The dam at Rideau Lake was partially away by ice, and the town of Falls was seriously flooded.

The Grand Trunk authorities intend their new station at Brantford for the system, according to an announcement.

Judge Winchester sentenced guilty election officials, the D. R. O's, to two less one day, and the poll clerks to each in the Central Prison.

Floods at Tweed carried away a bridge and caused a lot of other damage.

A pioneer trader, of Telegraph Creek has arrived at Victoria, B.C., with \$50,000 of gold from the latest field, the River, near the junction of the La Dease Rivers, B.C. The discovery was made by John Morrow two years ago.

Recently Morrow sent an Indian to river beds, not thinking there was much to be found.

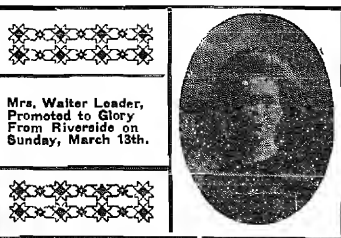
The Indian, who had done placer work in Cassiar, made a rude sluice bed, shovelled in some dirt. In an hour he had a big haul, which he brought out to Telegraph Creek. Hyland purchased it at ten dollars an ounce, and experts pronounced it equal to anything ever found in the west. The Indian said there is an unquantified quantity of the stuff where he was.

The news has caused a stampede all over north. Miners are rushing from all quarters to the new fields, although the ice and are heavy on the ground and on the Hyland and his party have already out claims. The new field is easily reached from Telegraph Creek.

U. S. Siftings.

Although it was announced that the at the American Can Company's plant in Chicago had been settled, the rioting the place has since been fiercer than time. One man, John Nicoli, was killed by a bullet fired from a train upon which a mob of non-union men were being taken to the city after work. The fighting began in the morning, when 300 Greeks, who had been employed during the strike, attempted to come to the factory. They were attacked by union pickets with stones and clubs, and the crowd aroused the Gre-

gory. Those of the number who had entered the factory came pouring out, armed with knives and revolvers, and attempted to join the union men, who were assaulting the Greeks who had not yet reached the gate. The police, after a desperate struggle, managed to keep the two bodies of men apart. This fight a number of men were hurt, two men being seriously hurt. At night the 300 Greeks left the plant they were attacked by a mob fully 1,000 strong, and with stones, sticks, and bottles. After the Greeks reached their train it is said so fired a revolver, killing Nicoli.



Mrs. Walter Leader,
Promoted to Glory,
From Riverside on
Sunday, March 13th.



Canadian Cuttings.

The prisoner known as "Texas" Burdell broke out of London jail, where he was awaiting trial for burglary, and escaped, though closely pursued.

Two young men, Robert Gladstone and Richard Sharpe, fell off a staircase at Owen Sound Town Hall while scuffling. Sharpe's skull was fractured, and he may die.

In a rock slide near Revelstoke two men were killed. A C.P.R. engine and four cars were turned over, and fireman and brakeman killed. The engineer escaped through the cab window.

J. B. Drolet was knocked down in a boxing contest at Quebec, and died next morning.

Five young Chinese students at Vancouver went sailing, and are supposed to be drowned. Breaking ice swept away the bridge, erected at a cost of \$21,000, which spanned the Moira River, near Belleville.

The dam at Rideau Lake was partially carried away by ice, and the town of Smith's Falls was seriously flooded.

The Grand Trunk authorities intend making their new station at Brantford the finest on the system, according to an announcement.

Judge Winchester sentenced guilty Toronto election officials, the D. R. O's, to two years, less one day, and the poll clerks to one year each in the Central Prison.

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A pioneer trader, of Telegraph Creek, B.C., has arrived at Victoria, B.C., with specimens of gold from the latest field, the Nahaani River, near the junction of the Laird and Dease Rivers, B.C. The discovery of gold was made by John Morrow two years ago. Recently Morrow sent an Indian to try the river beds, not thinking there was much in it. The Indian, who had done placer mining in Cassiar, made a rude sluice box and shovelled in some dirt. In an hour he got a big handful, which he brought out to Telegraph Creek. Hyland purchased it at seventeen dollars an ounce, and experts pronounce it equal to anything ever found in the Northwest. The Indian said there is an unlimited quantity of the stuff where he is sluicing. The news has caused a stampede all over the north. Miners are rushing from all quarters to the new fields, although the ice and snow are heavy on the ground and on the water. Hyland and his party have already staked out claims. The new field is easily reached from a telegraph Creek.

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Although it was announced that the strike at the American Can Company's plant in Chicago had been settled, the rioting around the place has since been fiercer than at any time. One man, John Nicoll, was killed by a bullet fired from a train upon which a number of non-union men were being taken back to the city after work. The fighting began early in the morning, when 300 Greeks, who have been employed during the strike, attempted to come to the factory. They were attacked by union pickets with stones and clubs. A shot from the crowd aroused the Greeks to fury. Those of the number who had entered the factory came pouring out, armed with knives and revolvers, and attempted to attack the union men, who were assaulting those Greeks who had not yet reached the gateway. The police, after a desperate struggle, managed to keep the two bodies of men apart. In this fight a number of men were battered, two men being seriously hurt. At night when the 300 Greeks left the plant they were attacked by a mob fully 1,000 strong, and pelted with stones, sticks, and bottles. After the Greeks reached their train it is said someone fired a revolver, killing Nicoll.

At St. Louis, United States Senator Burton was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for unlawfully using his Senatorial influence with the Postoffice Department.

A large majority was recorded in favor of the municipal ownership of the Chicago street railways.

An unusual number of suicides, at least half of them due to despondency because of inability to secure employment, were reported to the New York police in one day. Three of the six victims chose carbolic acid, one chose death by shooting, another by hanging, and the sixth accomplished his purpose by turning on the gas. The most youthful suicide was Eva Pocker, a seventeen-year-old Brooklyn school-girl, who drank carbolic acid after reading a letter, and the oldest, Jacob Reihman, 65, of 59 169th Street, who had been ill with rheumatism, and whose body was found hanging in his lodgings. The body of another suicide, a woman who had ended her life two weeks ago by inhaling chloroform, was found in a house on East 35th street. A note said the woman was so deeply in debt that she saw no hope. The other suicides reported were James Kinney, fireman, who lost his work through drink; Samuel Levy, no work, carbolic acid; Egisto Bertone, stone-cutter, shooting, no work; J. Bender, a crayon artist, gas.

The Census Bureau issued a bulletin which gives the estimated population of the United States for 1903, exclusive of Alaska and the insular possessions of the United States, as 79,900,389. This is an increase of 3,095,814 since the census of 1900. The estimates show populations in the chief cities as follows:—New York, 3,716,139; Chicago, 1,873,880; Philadelphia, 1,367,716; St. Louis has just passed and Boston has almost reached the 600,000 mark; Baltimore, 531,313; Cleveland, 414,950; Cincinnati, 332,934; San Francisco, 335,919; Pittsburgh, 345,043; Detroit, Milwaukee, and New Orleans have just passed the 300,000 mark, and Washington is close to that figure. Considered by States, New York leads in population, with more than seven and a half million.

Seven persons were killed, a score fatally hurt, and thirty seriously injured in a street car accident at Santa Barbara, Cal. The car ran away on a steep grade and jumped the track. The dead were all Santa Barbara residents. Among the injured were Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, wife of the Traffic Director and Vice-President of the Southern Pacific Railway, and Mrs. Early, an eastern woman, whose address is unknown.

The report of the United States Department of Agriculture shows that on April 1st the condition of winter wheat and rye was below the average of the previous ten years. Seventeen members of a Syracuse, N.Y., funeral party aboard a trolley car were injured to-day when the car jumped the tracks. The widow had two ribs broken, but insisted on going to the cemetery before seeing a physician.

What is believed to be the greatest producing oil well in Ohio has been struck near Upper Sandusky.



Vladivostok, the Terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

British Briefs.

A Brussels despatch says King Edward's proposals for peace are favorably viewed by the Czar.

Colonel Younghusband expects to sign a treaty with the Tibetans, by which further bloodshed will be averted.

The British punitive expedition operating against the Okpoto tribe of natives in Nigeria lost four men killed and forty-eight wounded in the fighting recently, when the Okpotos fought their way into the midst of the British square. The Okpotos continue to resist the British expedition. The head of Captain O'Riordan, one of the British officers previously killed, has been recovered, as well as some of the guns lost, when his patrol was cut up in December last, with the loss of two officers and forty or fifty native troops killed.

A return just issued shows that in all Australia one million of population has been lost during the last forty years. One reason for the decay is attributed to restrictive regulations on trade designed to abolish competition.

The British Board of Trade returns for March show an increase in imports of \$8,879,000, and a decrease in exports of \$1,840,500.

International Items.

At Copenhagen King Christian of Denmark celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday.

An earthquake in Macedonia killed and injured many people, and destroyed 1,600 houses.

King Alfonso, replying to a message from President Diaz of Mexico, denied the reported attempt to assassinate him.

The treaty settling matters of dispute between France and Britain in Newfoundland, Egypt, Morocco, West Africa, the New Hebrides, and Madagascar was signed in London.

The State Council at Berne, Switzerland, unanimously passed a bill making the glorification of anarchist crimes punishable by imprisonment.

Addressing a deputation of Jews, the Russian Minister of the Interior said the Jewish race were murderers and revolutionaries.

A German force in southwest Africa lost thirty-two killed and eleven wounded in a battle in which the Hereros rebels were repulsed.

The Mexican Light & Power Company, composed of Canadians, in order to obtain a necessary reservoir in Puebla State, moved and rebuilt an entire town, which was renamed Canadita.

Negotiations are being conducted between Russia and Britain, with the aid of France, for a settlement of outstanding differences.

The Russian Government is meeting opposition to attempts to introduce reforms among the aboriginal tribes of the Transbaikalia districts.

Premier Combes' order to remove crucifixes and other religious emblems from the court houses is causing agitation in Paris and throughout the Provinces. The workmen decline to take down the sacred images.

It is reported that a recent decision of Emperor William, who was selected as arbiter, averted war between Austria and Italy.

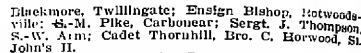
At Amiens, France, a number of rioters were fatally wounded by troops.

The suit brought at Paris to prevent the transfer of the Panama Canal Co's rights to the United States was decided in favor of the company.

In the French Chamber of Deputies the bill suppressing teaching by religious orders carried by a majority of forty-seven.

Cotton spinners in Britain, France, and Belgium, are trying to combine to fight American speculation in raw cotton by restricting the output of manufactured goods.

The Social work is developing rapidly in Paris. The Night Shelters and Hoteleries have proved inadequate. They had to refuse daily a large number of applicants on account of lack of accommodation during the whole winter season.



Pacific Province.

30 Hustlers.	
Sister Wright, Helena	160
Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Victoria	143
Mrs. Adt. Dowell, Butte	140
Capt. Crozier, Victoria	140
Adjt. Dowell, Butte	138
Capt. McKim, Spokane	125
Adjt. Blackburn, Rossland	123
Capt. West, Vancouver	117
Capt. Jones, Fernie	106

80 and Over—Lieut. Davidson, Whatcom; Capt. Papstein, Nelson; Lieut. Knudson, Lewiston; Capt. Traylor, Nelson; Lieut. Traylor, Spokane II.; Capt. McDonald, Billings; 40 and Over—Lieut. Lewis, Missoula. 50 and Over—Adj. Larder, Everett; Mrs. Capt. Everett, Spokane. 60 and Over—Sister Holton, Whatcom; Lieut. Rickard, Billings; Ensign Scott, Missoula; Sister Rebeck, Spokane. 70 and Over—Bro. Salmon, Vancouver; Adj. Stevens, Whatcom; Sister Scadden, Helena; Capt. Inyon, Revelsboro. 80 and Over—Mrs. Hayes, Mt. Vernon; Staff-Capt. Goodwin, Vancouver; C.-C. May Gunion, Nelson; Mrs. W. G. McClaren, Spokane II.

BERMUDA, EASTERN PROVINCE
Hamilton.

Mrs. Adjutant Crilchton	\$185.00
Treasurer G. B. Tate	50.00
Lieutenant McAmmond	25.00
Bandmaster Hy. Simmons	15.00
Sergeant Mrs. Place	12.25
Sergeant-Major Groener	12.00
Miss Ethel Greenslade	10.00
Bandman T. Harvey	10.00
Sergt-Major D. Smith	10.00
Bandman Raynor	5.00

Sister Emily Alice	1.50
Sister Mrs. Trot	7.20
Sister Mrs. D. Smith	6.45
Sergt. Al. Cox	6.45
Brother John Hughes	6.45
Band-Sergt. Wallman	6.45
Sergt. Harriet Sm.	6.45
Brother Jo. Jaynes	6.45
Miss M. Greenstar	6.25
Mrs. W. A. Baker	6.25
Sister Miss Stovill	6.25
Corps-Cadet R. F. D. Cary	4.95
Brother Roberts	4.95
Mrs. Minnie	4.95

Mr. Jonas Place	4.00
Sergeant Mrs. Cox	3.75
Brother Sam Gibbons	3.45
Sister Mrs. Richardson	3.31
Corps-Cadet Robinson	2.25
Recruit Sister Franklin	2.25
Sister Mrs. Clark	3.00
Sister Mrs. Lodge	3.00
Brother Davis	3.00
Sergeant Frances	2.75

St. George's

Burselman Burgess	2.75
Sister Mrs. Hughes	2.50
Sergt. H. K. Smith	2.40
Sister Eliz. Smith	2.40
Sister L. Lynch	2.10
Sister Mrs. Roberts	2.40
Sister Mrs. Darrell	1.50
Sergt. Mrs. Butterfield	2.40
St. George's.	
Ensign Andrews	155.00

Captain Holden	40.00
John Gorton	22.00
Serjt-Major J. Kelley	13.20
Secretary E. Koller	12.25
Ernest Vest, R.F.	12.20
Serjt. J. Peckwood	12.18
Serjt. Wm. Jennings	10.95
Charlie Minor	6.50
Bandmaster Taylor	3.40
L Evelyn Mathle	2.50
Harry Greaves	5.04
Charlie Hayes	4.80
Crispie Watson	4.80
A. Rooster, R.F.	4.32
Band-Serjt. Pearman	4.32

POOR RELIEF SCHEME AT ST. JOHN'S.

This winter has been a very severe one to the poor of our city, and many of the most deserving cases have been helped regardless of denomination, by the "Poor Relief Fund."

Staff-Capt. McGillivray, our Chancellor, launched this scheme, and kind friends have gladly responded by rendering aid.

The city officers have toiled incessantly in visiting all who have made application, and those in extreme

The scheme has certainly been a great blessing to the poor, and we have heard on every hand such expressions as, "We are so glad, Captain, you have come, for we have no fire or anything to eat, and the little ones are so cold and hungry." The officers have endeavored also, while visiting and providing something for the bodies of these people, to point them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

of the world.—CHIEF.

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At \$8.00 It is
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FOR SALE.
A Forty-Keyed Jefferies Concertina, \$35; and Courtols silver-plated cornet, \$20. Write c/o Staff-Capt. E. Morris S. A. Headquarters, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY.



THE WEEK.

He who has helped us in the past,
And borne us through each stormy blast,
Will still conduct our Army on,
Till all the world to Christ is won.

Then let us each more boldly fight,
In leading sinners to the light,
Till we receive the glad "Well done!"
When every victory is won.

A MESSAGE TO FALLEN COMRADES.

By A. J. Craig, Midland, Ont.

Tune.—Just Tell Them that You Saw Me.
5 Dear comrades who are fighting along the narrow road,
A message take from one who loves the way,
To comrades who have wandered, and left the way of God.

But, oh, the tempter, with his snare, their feet drew
from the way,
And bound them fast in sin's strong chains once
more.
No tongue can tell the anguish that fills their hearts
to-day,
The joy that filled their lives is theirs no more.

Just tell them that we love them, and long to see
them right;
Just say we love them as lu days gone by.
Their burden now is heavy, but Christ will make it
light.
If they to Him for pardon now will fly.
The everlasting arms will give a rest sure and com-
plete,
And bear them o'er the roughness of the way,
Till in the glorious morning we stand in Him com-
plete,
And praise the Lamb throughout eternal day.

GO!

Tune.—No, Never Alone.

6 Go, share thy bread with the hun-
gry.
Go, weep with those who weep,
Go forth in the highways and hedges,
The lost and erring to seek.
Go, follow the rugged pathway
Up mountains steep, and alone;
He's promised never to leave you
Till the setting of the sun.

Chorus.

The setting of the sun,
The setting of the sun,
A crown of life will be given
When all our work is done.

There are hearts that are bleeding near
you,
Longing for love's sweet cure;
Go, then, and bind up the show-
wounds
With tender, healing prayer.
Go, cheer the feeble and aged,
Till the last faint step is won,
And your joy will be all the sweeter.
At the setting of the sun.

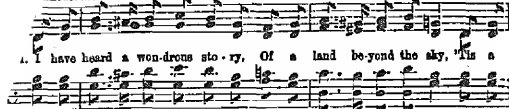
When the sun of life is sinking,
Sinking to rise no more,
And the morning life is breaking
Forth from the heavenly shore,
The Master will smile upon you,
And whisper tenderly,
"Inasmuch as unto the least of these,
Ye have done it unto Me."

Selected by E. M. H.

The Wondrous Story.

Words and Music by R. L. Werry.

Moderato.



1. I have heard a won-drous sto-ry, Of a land beyond the sky, 'Tis a



land of light and glo-ry, 'Tis a land of purest joy; It is there the saints will gather, Rob'd in

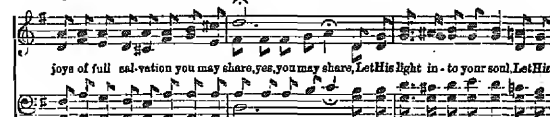


garments white as snow, 'Tis the home of Christ my Sa-viour, And 'tis there I mean to go.

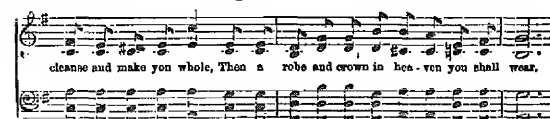
CHORUS.



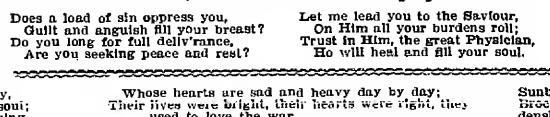
Oh, sin-ner, come with me. The Lord will set you free, The



joys of full sal-va-tion you may share, yes, you may share, Let His light in-to your soul, Let Him



cleanse and make you whole, Then a robe and crown in hea-ven you shall wear.



Does a load of sin oppress you, Let me lead you to the Sav-iour,
Guilt and anguish fill your breast? On Him all your burdens roll;
Do you long for full deliv'rance, Trust in Him, the great Physi-cian,
Are you seeking peace and rest? He will heal and fill your soul.

Whose hearts are sad and heavy day by day;
Their lives were bright, their hearts were right, they
used to love the war,
And when we'd meet they'd grasp us by the hand:
They'd tell us to be faithful, and ne'er the fight give
o'er,
Till soon we'd reach fair Canaan's happy land.

Chorus.

Just tell them that you saw me still fighting on for
God;
Just tell them that I love the narrow way;
Just tell them Jesus loves them, and longs to do
them good—
His pardoning love is offered still to-day,
For years we fought together beneath the red and
blue,
For years they told of Jesus and His love;
They said they would prove faithful, and to their
Lord be true,
And all through life His wondrous goodness prove.

WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

Tunes. Now I Can Read (N.B.R. 54);
Charming Name (N.B.R. 26).

2 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
The comfort of my nights.

Chorus.

So we'll stand the storm, for it won't
be very long,
And we'll anchor by-and-bye.

In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's Bright Morning
Star,
And Thou my Rising Sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
For Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Would bear me conquer through.

PRECIOUS FOUNTAIN.

Tune.—Beautiful River.

3 Fountain of mercy, flowing so
freely,
Fountain of mercy, here to abide;
Hiding so sweetly, hiding completely,
Unseen the stream that flows from
Thy side.

Chorus.

Precious fountain, precious fountain,
Open to cleanse and keep me from
sin,
Precious fountain, precious fountain,
Open to cleanse and keep me from
sin.

Fountain of cleansing, flowing so freely,
Wide as eternity, deep as the sea;
Here I am hiding, safely abiding,
Fountain of cleansing, open for me.

Fountain of life, now flowing so freely,
Fountain of healing for body and soul;
Here I am drinking, hiding and sinking,
Deep in the fountain that maketh me whole.

J. E. Jarvis, Sec. Yorkville Corps.

TRUE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

Tunes.—The Watch o'er the Rhine (N.B.R. 19); Be-
fore Jehovah's Throne (N.B.R. 3).

4 What sounds are those which reach the ear?
They tell of freedom drawing near,
Then all who in sin's bondage groan
Their great Deliverer shall own.

Chorus.

True soldiers of the cross we are,
For God and souls we march to war;
We fight to gain our heart's desire—
To win the world by blood-and-fire.

Coming Events.

COLONEL JACOBS

Will Conduct the Marriage of
ENSIGN W. C. ARNOLD to
ENSIGN E. WHITTEKER,

at the
TEMPLE, MONDAY, APRIL 25th.
THE ARENA OF WAR.

Staff-Capt. F. Morris, accompanied by
Ensign A. Morris, will visit Galt,
April 21; Guelph, April 22.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Edwards.—Port Hope, April 29,
May 1; Cobourg, May 2, 3; Trenton,
May 4, 5; Campbellford, May 6, 7,
8; Belleville, May 9, 10; Picton,
May 11, 12; Deseronto, May 13, 14,
15; Napanee, May 16, 17; Odessa,
May 18; Kingston, May 19, 20;
Sunbury, May 21, 22; Gananoque, May 23, 24;
Brockville, May 25, 26; Prescott, May 27, Or-
denburg, May 28, 29; Morrisburg, May 30, 31.
Ensign Poole.—Chatham, April 23, 24, 25; Bothwell,
April 26; Dresden, April 27, 28; Wallaceburg,
April 29; Sarnia, April 30, May 1, 2; Thorndon,
May 3; Forest, May 4, 5; Puttville, May 6, 7, 8;
Stratford, May 9, 10; Seaford, May 11, 12;
Clinton, May 13, 14, 15; Goderich, May 16, 17, 18;
ham, May 23, 24; Listowel, May 25, 26; Palmer-
ston, May 27, 28, 29.

Ensign Mercer.—Prince Albert, April 24, 25; Saskatoon,
April 26; Regina, April 27; Edmonton, April 28,
May 1; Westsaskatoon, May 3; Calgary, May
4, 5; Lethbridge, May 7; Medicine Hat, May 8, 9;
Maple Creek, May 10; Moose Jaw, May 11, 12;
Minit, May 14, 15; Birchhold, May 16; Devils
Lake, May 17, 18; Bismarck, May 20, 21, 22;
Jamestown, May 23, 24; Valley City, May 25;
Moorhead, May 26; Fargo, May 27; Grand Forks,
May 28, 29.

